

THE LEISURE HOUR



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A FRIENDLY GREETING.

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A PRINCE AND HIS FATHER.

BY MICHAEL A. MORRISON, AUTHOR OF "NADYA," ETC.



A LAST LOOK.

CHAPTER XVIII.—JOHANNA TAKES A SIDE.

AT Bostel Schloss all was confusion and disorder. The servants moved about in an awestricken manner, aware that something most serious and unusual had occurred, but unable to explain why it was that this sudden move of the Prince and his daughters to Berlin had been resolved on. Only quiet, wise old Rudolf knew what was the matter, but he said nothing to gratify the curiosity of the menials. The few words he let drop from time to time were not intended to throw any light on the state of affairs. The young master, he said, was ill and wanted rest. He would probably seek quiet and recreation in foreign travel, and it was just possible that the English tutor would accompany him. And as the Prince, his illustrious Serenity, was about to

make his home in Berlin, what was more natural than that the Princesses should take this opportunity of paying a long-deferred visit to their aunts in Berlin and Dresden?

But nothing that the major-domo could say blinded people to the sombre look on the Prince's face, or to the eyes red with weeping which Elsa and Johanna vainly strove to hide from their inquisitive gaze.

There was hurrying to and fro, for the Prince had given orders that the utmost dispatch was to be used in packing. It nearly broke Elsa's heart to part from her golden-haired Bertha. The blind child was carefully escorted by her friend to the swineherd's hut on the hill, where she was to remain until Richter could remove her to Uhlmünster, and towards evening of the day of her removal Hermann and his old wife were amazed to see a cart draw up before their

lonely door laden with all sorts of things which Elsa thought would make life more pleasant for the old couple and their grandchild.

"We need not be uneasy about the walls getting damp," said the old woman; "it will be a hot summer. But the Princess said we were to put these carpets along the wall, and these mats on the floor. Our cottage will look like a fairy palace."

"Yes," said Hermann, stroking the child's head, "and our little one here will be the fairy princess."

"And look here, my Hermann. You never saw so much gold in all your life. I like counting them. One, two, three—there are ten of them!"

"God bless her!" murmured the old man. "I'll buy a new lamp for the Holy Mother, and we'll have Father Jerome across to bless the house once more. It's two years since he was here."

"We have to thank the young Prince for all this—him and our noble Herr Richter. Our days, after all, Hermann, are not setting in such darkness as I had thought they would. If only her days were lighter—" The old woman pointed to Bertha sitting at the door facing the setting sun, and then to her own eyes.

"Ah, well, wife, we won't repine. She cannot see the light of the sun, but she has other light that we know not of, else her face would be less bright and happy. God bless them all, say I—his Serenity and the family and the Richters. I have known the old Prince since his boyhood, since I saved his life in that freshet in Bostel river, and he has been good to me. I have been let remain on here when I am past my work. And now his children rise to bless me and to shield me from the worst cares of old age. You never know when you will meet God's outstretched hand on the road of life. We have waited long, and here it is at last! And it is a hand that when you meet it is never empty."

The old crippled wife only partly understood him, but the benign light in his eyes was reflected in hers as they took their place on either side of their grandchild, to tell her what the setting sun was like, and how the tall towers of Bostel rose up so lordly against the glowing sky.

While the swineherd's cottage was the scene of this humble thanksgiving service, the old Prince with Elsa and Johanna were taking their seats in the night express which was to convey them to Berlin. The little station of Bostel was in the greatest commotion—railwaymen, footmen, villagers, all vying with one another to do the Prince a service even when their only reward was a cold stare of semi-recognition. Miss Bowles was also at the station to take a final farewell of her friends. She might never see them more, she whimpered, for it was her intention to leave Bostel a few days after their departure. She wept copiously and unabashed as the moment

for parting drew near, but it was a consolation to her at this trying moment that the Princesses, before all those people, flung their arms round her neck and kissed her, and that the Prince, stooping from his serene height, raised her hand to his august lips and murmured in faultless English his best wishes for her future welfare. As the train moved out of the station those who had received a military education stood at the salute, those who had not bowed and ducked their stiff backs, showing the proud old man their sycophantic smiles while nourishing in their hearts the bitterest hatred of his pride and vain glory, and wishing him anything else than the "Gute Reise" which was on their lips.

They sat silently together in their reserved compartment. As the train approached Uhlmünster the Prince dashed down the window blinds that he might not see those hated toilers, that no one on the platform might recognise him. But Elsa remembered that they were passing the little cottage where Richter had his home, and Johanna's thoughts were with her sick brother and with the stalwart friend who loved her, and for whose sake, although she did not realise it, she was prepared, if need be, to endure to the utmost. Uhlmünster and its hated neighbourhood passed, the Prince drew up the blind, and the girls looked out on the sun-flooded evening landscape, while their father appeared to busy himself with important-looking documents adorned with stamps and seals which he carried in a little dispatch-box. Darkness was spreading over the hills when the Prince put away his papers and turned his attention to the conversation carried on in low tones by his daughters. It did not interest him, it did not interest them, for they had learned to speak in his presence only of those matters which were commonplace, or about which there could be no difference of opinion. It pleased the Prince to address them now in gracious tones:

"We have not yet decided whether you shall remain in Berlin or go on direct to your aunt's at Dresden. I have not yet had your views very clearly on this point."

"I think, father," said Elsa, "it might be as well if we went on to Dresden. We should only be a burden on Aunt Caroline and Ernst." Johanna concurred.

But the Prince did not seem fully pleased with this answer. His wish appeared to be that they should remain some time with the Berlin Arnbergs before they went to Saxony.

"Perhaps," he said, addressing Elsa, "you could go on alone to Dresden if you don't feel inclined to stay a while in Berlin. But I think Johanna might remain some time under her Aunt Caroline's care. That is what I would like."

"I shall do so, father, and gladly, if you wish it," replied Johanna.

"It would be nice, you know," continued the Prince, with a smile which he intended to be jocose, "that you and Ernst should have an

opportunity of being more together and of getting more intimate. You always seem to avoid him when he comes to Bostel."

The Prince did not like that his remark, which he thought was roguish, should be heard by Johanna with a perfectly rigid countenance.

"I think, father," she said, "that it would not be good either for Ernst or for me if we were more together. I should like that we remain friends."

"How? What do you mean? Do you mean there is a risk of your not continuing to be friends should you see more of one another?"

"Yes. He is my cousin, but I don't think our tastes lie in the same direction; and to be quite candid with you, father, I would rather see as little of him as possible."

"But he is very fond of you."

"Has he told you so?" Johanna's perfectly cool and assured manner irritated her father.

"Yes, he has, and I promised to speak with you on the subject."

"On what subject?"

The Prince fidgeted. He was the worst diplomatist in the world, and could not face this question.

"I must tell you," he began, "I have the highest opinion of Ernst. He is ambitious in the noblest way, and I am convinced he has a great career before him. He is industrious. There is nothing flighty about him. His conduct and life are irreproachable. Since he spoke to me I have seriously considered the question of your marriage with him, and I agree that it would be a desirable match in more ways than one. I cannot hide from you my feelings with regard to your brother. He and I will never be friends. I have ceased to look upon him as an Arnsberg, and I certainly refuse to permit him to occupy Bostel as long as he maintains his present attitude, or to inherit it at my death. His mother provided for him as she did for you and Elsa. From me he shall have nothing. In this box here is the draft of a new will, in which I leave Bostel Schloss and my Bostel estates to Ernst. He is a worthy boy, and in making him my heir I maintain the honour of our family, which is dearer to me than life. Think well, therefore, before you decide to oppose his wishes."

Both Elsa and Johanna were stricken to the heart at this brutal declaration. Elsa could only clasp her hands together and gaze silently at her father, but Johanna, sore at heart as she was, felt that she must give expression to her overwrought feelings.

"I am very sorry, father, for Chlodwig," she said, "so sorry and so pained that even if I cared for Ernst I could never bear to look upon him now in any other light than as my brother's supplanter. I beg of you to talk to me no more on this subject. Under no circumstances can Ernst hope to have me as his wife." The girl roused herself from the cold half-scornful attitude she had hitherto maintained, and flashed a look of defiance at her father. "You have

made Ernst to appear most loathsome in my eyes. I would rather share the most abject poverty with Chlodwig than unite myself with my cousin to share his noble ambitions and the wealth which will be his. I hate him! I have always hated him. I beg you will let me go with Elsa. I shall certainly refuse to be under the same roof with Ernst."

"Girl, you are mad, you——"

"I am not mad, father. I have a right to think and act for myself. Chlodwig has been banished by you, Elsa also. I shall share their fate. By spurning Elsa and Chlodwig from you, you have robbed the house of Arnsberg of the brightest ornaments it ever possessed, and if you set Ernst in their place you are taking to your heart a man who is vicious, mean, and detestable."

It was an outburst of plain speaking for which the Prince was not prepared. He was accustomed to Elsa's humility and Chlodwig's temper. They wrought upon him as the scarlet rag on an enraged bull, but Johanna hitherto had been an unknown quantity, a page he had never studied, and her scorching indignation seemed to cow him. He answered sulkily, keeping his eyes averted from her honest fearless glance:

"Very well, you shall go direct to Dresden, but remember I shall not be moved from my course. With your brother I shall hold no parley. He chooses to adhere to his poisonous notions, to attach himself to people whose acts are those of criminals. Don't interrupt me, Elsa—with you I shall certainly not discuss this matter. What I do I am doing with my eyes open. It is irrevocable; let this close the discussion. As for you, Johanna, perhaps the motive of your conduct is not so secret as you think."

The guard put his head into their compartment at this moment to say that their sleeping berths had been prepared. He interrupted a conversation which the Prince had begun to fill with bitterness and passion.

"Good-night," said the old man—and his words were not without a certain pathos—"it is probably our last evening together. My children have stricken me to the heart. At the end of my days I am a lonely old man. But I shall have no mercy on evildoers, nor on those who attempt to thwart me, and when I have done them justice I shall retire from the world in which I have lost everything but my honour."

He left the compartment, and the two girls sat together alone and wept silently half through the night.

The summer morning was brightening as the train moved slowly into the huge Berlin terminus. Ernst was on the platform, and with him an array of servants, standing, with proud humility, in the background. His uncle liked ceremony at his arrivals and departures. It was ceremony which could not be readily distinguished from vulgar ostentation. Ernst lent himself to the display.

He received his uncle and cousins with every demonstration of affection, and delivered messages of effusive welcome from his mother.

"Your rooms," he said, addressing the girls, "look out on the Unter den Linden, and mother is arranging a complicated series of festivities in your honour." Ernst seemed radiant with happiness as he led his relatives along the platform.

"Very sorry," said the Prince, "but Elsa and Johanna are both going on direct to Dresden without breaking their journey. They have accepted an invitation to stay with their Aunt Radé."

Ernst looked from the Prince, whose brow was clouded, and whose words were strangely cold and formal, to the girls, and could make nothing of this singular decision.

"But my mother will be so disappointed. She——"

"And I am disappointed. Please do not let us discuss the matter," interrupted the Prince. "It is a painful business. We shall drive to the Anhalt station as soon as we have divided out the luggage. I have been looking at the guide-book. A train for Dresden leaves in half an hour. I presume," he continued, addressing his daughters, "that train will suit you?" Johanna assented. "Very well; I shall telegraph to your Aunt Radé. Ernst, call one of your fellows, and we shall see to the baggage."

In a few minutes more they were all seated in the Princess von Arnsberg's showy carriage, driving to the Anhalt station. Elsa and Johanna looked out at the sunlit streets, which were already stirring with traffic; their father and Ernst sat stiffly before them, silent as the tomb.

The girls were conducted to an empty compartment, the gold-laced servants disposed their rugs and bags for them, and then retired to a respectful distance, where their gorgeous liveries could be admired by the loitering crowd. The old Prince and Ernst stood at the carriage door.

"Good-bye," said the Prince, "*bon voyage!* My affectionate regards to your aunt." He shook the hands which were extended to him from the carriage window, but in a negligent sort of fashion. Then he drew closer to the window, and the girls noticed with terror the look in his eyes.

"You are defying me," he hissed. "Very well, go! There is a curse, remember, on those who dishonour their father. May it fall heavily on you both!"

They shrank back into the carriage. The station-master whistled shrilly. Ernst darted forward to say his last adieux, but the hand he held out was not noticed.

CHAPTER XIX.—A BUDDING DIPLOMATIST.

HAD Prince von Arnsberg of Rothenbostel been an astute student of physiognomy he would have noticed that the concern which his nephew's face expressed, and which was confirmed by his words of regret that his cousins were not to spend some time in Berlin,

was only simulated concern. As a matter of fact, Prince Ernst was well pleased that Johanna was out of the way for the present. He had had more than one interview recently with his friend Count Zagorski, which had left a peculiar and painful impression upon him. The Russian had told him some home truths, had given him a piece of his mind which the young noble had found very unpalatable, and which appeared to threaten all his and his mother's carefully laid plans with shipwreck. As far as his selfish and somewhat brutal nature was capable of affection and love, these feelings had been extended to Sophie Zagorski. He was charmed with her radiant beauty, about which half Berlin raved; he liked her free, loose way of looking at life and its problems, and her exquisite skill in the art of personal decoration, which brought her into line with his Odettes and Irènes. And as he was not a fool, he could discern under her Bohemian exterior, qualities of head and heart which he could not despise, although recently he had found them too much in evidence for perfect comfort.

But Ernst von Arnsberg was ambitious, and for the gratification of his ambition there was an important something needful, which he possessed in only very inadequate degree, and which Sophie did not possess at all. To run a distinguished diplomatic career on the banks of the Neva or Tiber, there were necessary a palatial suite of rooms, carriages, horses, servants, a French cook, and a wife who might or might not be clever, but most certainly ought to be above reproach. Johanna would be just such a wife, and the ambitious young diplomat had laid his plans to secure her. But just as things had taken a favourable direction he was disagreeably reminded of the skeleton in his cupboard, which he had thought was securely locked away for ever, and of many another thing as well which lay between him and his goal. It became painfully evident to him that the Russian Count was not a man to be trifled with, and that he possessed ways and means of giving effect to his wishes.

Torn by these conflicting interests, he was cast still deeper into despair by his uncle's telegram, which announced the sudden intention of his relatives to leave Bostel and to visit Berlin. Was his uncle about to draw him and his cousin closer together? He lost faith in his diplomatic powers, and voted himself an idiot for letting his uncle into his confidence that gay night on their way home from the Zagorskis'. What would he do? What course would he adopt, were his uncle to take it into his stubborn old head to force on his marriage with Johanna?

But the scene at the railway station on the arrival of the Bostel party poured a whole flood of joyous sunshine on the situation. It was now evident that his uncle was not thinking of Johanna for him. It was more than evident that the Bostel party were all at sixes and sevens with one another, and that their internal dissensions could only result in advantage to Prince

Ernst von Arnsberg. So when, on their way from the Anhalt station to his mother's house, he expressed his great sorrow that his cousins could not remain in Berlin, and when he manifested his sorrow by a well-disposed lugubriousness of countenance, he was playing a little comedy of dissimulation which his uncle was not clever enough to see through.

"Never mind, my boy," said the old Prince, "it is best so, believe me. We shall talk about it afterwards. You'll give me an hour after breakfast. I have much to tell you, much about which I wish to consult you."

The Prince looked affectionately at him. "You are my only hope now," he added gently; "like me, you will have to cast away your idols. For you, however, there is a way out of your troubles. You are young, with the world before you. As for me, I am an old man, and if I had not you, Ernst, I would be alone, a lonely, friendless old man—idols shattered—home—" He placed his hands before his eyes, and lay back deep in the carriage.

It would be too much to say that Ernst was touched, but he felt uncomfortable.

"Uncle, we'll talk over matters after breakfast. - I shall come to your room. Here we are at home! I see mother at the drawing-room window. She'll be astonished to see us alone."

The old Prince roused himself to greet gallantly the lady at the window, and leaning heavily on his nephew's arm he entered the house.

The Princess von Arnsberg was not accustomed to such early hours; but to welcome her brother-in-law from Bostel and his daughters, one of whom she hoped would soon be at her own disposal, she was capable of any sacrifice. It gave her infinite pain, she said, to hear that Johanna and Elsa were already fleeting towards Dresden. She hated the Countess von Radé with all the rancour of her soul, and the "infinite pain" was doubtless genuine enough. And to think of all those social triumphs which she had been anticipating vanishing at one fell swoop. Elsa's distinguished bearing, Johanna's supreme beauty, the fame of her wealth—she had traded with these inducements in a round of hurried visits to distinguished people the day before, and her invitations to a series of festivals were issued in the proud consciousness that her social star was now in the ascendant, and that it would attain its meridian when she could announce that her treasured Ernst had won the lovely, accomplished, and wealthy Princess Johanna. The Privy Councillor's wife and the Zweidorf woman, both of whom had marriageable sons, would be consumed with envy.

This fair vision of prospective power and glory faded away when she heard the story which Ernst told her, after his uncle had retired to his room. She heard of the silence of the two girls, of their singular demeanour towards her son, of the fierce, short words from their father, which Ernst had not fully heard, but whose meaning was plain, of the

passionate words spoken to Ernst in the carriage; and the inevitable conclusion forced itself upon her that not only was the airy fabric shattered which she had been building, but that Ernst's prospects with Johanna were of the darkest. She was amazed to see him take it all so airily, amazed at his mockery of the whole Bostel party, terrified to hear him speak of his uncle as fit game for young hawks to fly at.

"Do you think, mother," he asked with a fascinating smile, "that you and I could permanently endure that intolerable egotism and stupid pride, that windy nonsense about the Middle Ages, when not an Arnsberg of us all was anything better than a hideous and ridiculous savage? At Bostel I get sick to death of his twaddle about feudalism, and his idiotic treatment of those Uhlmünster people. I'm ready to explode with laughter when he and that solemn son of his go for one another across the table like a pair of wild cats, one of them no saner than the other. I dare say the Uhlmünster folk are a very bad lot," said gay young Prince Ernst with a laugh, "but they have one advantage and virtue in my eyes—they are modern. I am sure if I had not what you call 'expectations,' I would have enjoyed nothing better, lots of times, in the midst of some solemn harangue of my precious uncle than to turn round and tell him what an egregious old donkey he was. My lady mother, in my short career I have been forced to play many a rôle for which Nature has not cast me, but I do think that the most hateful of them all has been playing toady to that insufferable old square-toes. The best of it is he has grown quite fond of me. Of course, I knew he would if Cousin Chlodwig continued to prove intractable. He is waiting for me in his room with great things to tell me. I expect revelations and settlements. Oh mother, what a career begins at last to open up before your son! I'll follow Shakespeare's advice, and take the tide at the flood."

He left the room, his handsome cruel face wreathed in smiles. He wafted a kiss to his mother from the door, and composing his features to a solemnity befitting the occasion, entered his uncle's room.

"Sit down, my boy, sit down," said his uncle, extending his hand and drawing his nephew to a chair. There were papers scattered on the table, and it was evident that the Prince had been engaged in writing.

"Now, Ernst," he began, "it is right that you and I should have no shadows between us, and I shall begin by ridding my mind of the disagreeable matter which I must communicate to you. You spoke to me a short while ago about your attachment to Johanna. I fear you must not think further of this. It would not be a happy union. Johanna has forfeited my esteem by her wrong-headedness and obstinacy."

Ernst drew a long breath of relief, but the cultivated expression of concern on his face deepened.

"Under the circumstances which exist between me and Johanna," pursued the Prince, "I cannot sanction your marriage. Her sympathies are all with her brother and against me. She defends his course. That in itself is more than sufficient to debar her from my favour. I shall either bend or break those of my own household who oppose me. Very well! I shall tell you straight what I propose. There is that most beautiful and accomplished Sophie Zagorski. Her family is of most ancient lineage."

Ernst winced.

"I remember your objection, but I think it may be taken for settled that you are going to Rome and not to St. Petersburg, and therefore her Russian birth need not stand in your way. A second objection which I foresee is her comparative want of fortune. This brings me to the next point I would like to place before you. You should marry. You must marry before you leave Berlin for any post abroad. You owe this both to your family and to yourself. Now before I left Bostel Chlodwig and I had a serious quarrel."

The Prince paused and fidgeted with his papers. His brow had grown stern, and about his lips hard cruel lines had gathered.

"Yes," he resumed slowly, "Chlodwig is impossible, and I have disinherited him."

Ernst gave a convulsive start at this news, and his heart beat rapidly. The Prince noticed his emotion.

"Your sorrow for him, Ernst, does you credit, but it is misplaced. He is unworthy to bear our name. He has placed himself outside the pale. I have, I say, disinherited him, and I have told him so. Do not think he is unprovided for. His mother left him enough for all his wants—too much, for I have information that he is squandering his money among those Uhlmünster rascals, who will clap him on the back and offer him their filthy hands as long as it lasts, and no longer. Very well, I turn to you, Ernst. You are of my blood, and the virus of Chlodwig's diseases is not in your veins. Now this paper contains instructions to Pohl and Vogel, my lawyers, to alter my will in your favour on certain conditions."

A delirium of joy thrilled Ernst, but he struggled hard to play his part.

"Uncle, is not all this very sudden? Where such serious issues are at stake, is it not well to take time for maturer reflection? I am overpowered by your kindness towards me, but poor Chlodwig and the girls!" He drew his hand across his eyes to indicate his profound emotion, and sighed deeply.

"You need not plead for them; my mind is made up, and until this matter is settled I shall have no rest. Now will you hear my conditions?"

Ernst was ready in his heart to swear to observe a whole folio full of conditions. A promise to observe conditions was never any trouble to him. He was quite ready to promise without even hearing them. But he looked

grave and pensive, and remained awhile in sad and silent contemplation of the point of his elegant shoe.

"I shall read you the conditions. I have jotted them down here. They are not hard. First, you are not to marry without my consent; secondly, you are not to sell or otherwise to dispose of any of the property which shall come to you by my will; thirdly, after my death you are to live chiefly at Bostel Schloss; fourthly, in your relations to Uhlmünster and its inhabitants you are to pursue the same firm policy which I have observed; and, lastly, you are not to allow Chlodwig to settle on the estate, and all obnoxious persons—I have noted down a few of them—are to be removed from it as speedily as possible. These are, roughly speaking, the conditions I would impose. If you give me a verbal promise now and a written one later, it is all I require, and my mind shall be at rest."

"Uncle," said Ernst, but without meeting the old man's gaze, "you overwhelm me with your kindness, with these wonderful tokens of your affection and esteem for one who is so utterly unworthy of them. But I cannot reply just now—I cannot. Give me time, give me until to-morrow. I would consult with my mother."

"Certainly, certainly! I would adopt the same course were I in your place. Your mother is your best adviser—she is a noble woman. I shall wait until to-morrow. Oh, I had forgotten to say that should you go to Rome, and I think that is pretty certain, I shall take steps to make things comfortable for you there. When I was in Rome, twenty-five years ago, your aunt and I stayed over a month at a wonderful old house—the Palazzo Ilario, on a queer old street crossing the Corso. I forget its name. I saw in the papers the other day that it was to be let for a term of years. There is capital modern stabling, and the apartments are fit for—why they are fit for a Cardinal," said the old man, with a grin. "I shall take the place for you and Sophie. What do you say to that, you young dog?"

"What can I say, uncle? My heart is full, my mind is in a whirl. I only beg for time to arrange my thoughts. I am grieved beyond expression to hear about my cousins, and the attitude they have assumed towards one who has shown himself capable of so much wisdom and love. If you will permit me, uncle, I shall retire to my own room now and consider what you have suggested about my future, and then I shall see my mother."

Ernst uttered this in melodramatic tones, and in the same theatrical fashion he bent over his uncle's hand and kissed it.

At the door just as he was leaving the apartment he turned round.

"Oh, uncle, I quite forgot to say that the Countess Zagorski, having heard from me last night that you were coming, asked me to beg you to come over to the Potsdam Strasse to see them. They will be quite alone to-morrow night, she said, and if you have nothing of more

importance on hand, perhaps we might drive over there after dinner."

"I shall be most charmed, dear boy, for many reasons. Zagorski is of a most distinguished family and a really pleasant fellow; his wife is a charming woman, and I shall be glad of a fresh opportunity of studying that delightful little person who will be one of us, I trust, before long."

Ernst bowed, and the old Prince kissed the tips of his fingers to him.

But Ernst did not go to his own room for purposes of quiet deliberation, nor did he seek his mother's apartments for an affectionate conference. He marched out of the house, and calling a fiacre bade the coachman drive to the Potsdam Strasse. He felt certain he would find them all at home at this early hour. He was right. The Count was at his writing-table, the ladies deep in the study of "Modes," as they were delineated in the latest Vienna fashion-plates. But it was chiefly with the Count that his business lay, and the ladies, feeling this, instinctively left the room to the two gentlemen as soon as those friendly words and greetings had been interchanged which politeness demanded.

"Rather an early visit, isn't it?" said Zagorski jocularly. "But you know you're always welcome. We make no secret of our welcome. Now what's up? Have you been thinking over what I said to you the other day about Sophie?"

"Yes, you spoke very distinctly. You left me in no doubt as to your meaning and your intentions. I have been thinking over what you said, and—and what you threatened."

"Threatened! My dear Prince! What ugly words you use! A future diplomatist! I am a father. I am concerned about the happiness of my child. You do not deny that you have made love to her in rather a fervid fashion. And we all know how fond you have made her of you. She can't help showing it, poor child. No, no, 'threatened' is not the word, 'advised'—advised is better."

Both worthies laughed and drew their chairs closer together. They were talking business.

"We won't quarrel about the word. You 'advised' me to marry Sophie. I told you my plans were set on my cousin Johanna. You then 'advised' me that if I married anyone else you would expose me. Was not 'expose' the word you used?"

The Count held up his hand deprecatingly and closed his eyes.

"Further, you made an amiable allusion to a

certain bill of mine which you possess, and to which you allege I attached a signature which was not my own; also, to a certain card in your possession of peculiar workmanship. You did not mention how you became possessed of the card, but we need not inquire into that little particular. We'll let that pass," said Ernst, with a sinister smile. "Then you said that if I remained obdurate you would show these possessions of yours to my uncle, reckoning, with your usual astuteness, that with these proofs of my addiction to good society you would be in a position to make my uncle my enemy. Am I not stating the main points of our interview correctly?"

"Correctly, yes; but without finesse—pardon me—with an unnecessary display of broadsword play."

"Oh, that does not matter between friends, does it?" said Ernst. "Well, I am come to—"



"WHY THIS TONE? WHY THIS TRAGEDY?"

day to say that I have given up my cousin, and that I have taken your 'advice.' " It is impossible to describe the sneering emphasis laid by Ernst on this last word. Zagorski, however, did not mind the sneer. He seized Ernst's hand and pumped it silently up and down, his paternal emotion not permitting him to speak. Ernst calmly resumed:

"I shall take Sophie as my wife—on these conditions: You shall place that bill and that ace in my hands; secondly, our marriage must not be celebrated in Berlin, but privately in some provincial town; and, finally, you and the Countess shall leave Berlin immediately after the wedding, not to return."

"But, dear boy!" said the Count reproachfully, "why this tone? Why this tragedy? It is so unlike you. But I shall not hesitate. You shall have your own way. Yes, my son-in-law's honour is my own. I shall

never call it in question. You shall have the bill and the ace. You can be married wherever it is most convenient for you, and as to the Countess and me leaving Germany—my dear friend, if there is one section of Europe more than another where we find ourselves strangers in a strange land, it is your dear Fatherland. My wife is longing to set up our tent somewhere on the shores of Albion—ah! that free serene land! Well, you have made me very happy. It is no small honour to be the father of a Princess von Arnsberg, and perhaps I may live to see my son-in-law famous in the diplomatic world. Are you going already? So soon?"

"Yes, I must hurry home. Uncle and I shall call to-morrow evening. I'll tell him about our little arrangement—at least those portions of it which are suitable for his venerable ears to hear. You will be able to rejoice together, for he is a great admirer of my future wife. I'll just say good-bye to the Countess and Sophie, and leave you to tell them the joyful news of my complete surrender, and to fix the date of the wedding. I don't care how soon it is, as I should like to get away from Berlin. It is stifling here."

So Prince Ernst made his adieux to Sophie and her mother, and returned home to take counsel with his mother.

It was long before the Zagorski's family council separated. The ladies did not go to Kranzler's that afternoon, and the jubilant Count made no objection to Sophie's boisterous demand that evening for champagne at dinner.

She had the hardihood even to propose to her father that the remaining bottle of Tokay should be decanted, but that was too much.

"No, my dear, that last bottle is reserved for a happier day still. You must wait a few weeks yet for that."

After dinner the Count lay back in his easy chair smoking his aromatic Russian cigarettes.

"Not a bad coup for the evening of my days," he reflected, as he watched the thin wreaths of pale blue smoke. "I have not played badly. A Prince for my son-in-law, my daughter a Princess. Bravo Felix Zagorski! The reflected glory is almost sufficient to make a real Count of me. Little Sophie a Princess! Well, she looks it. I often wonder where she got that wonderful air of hers. She's too good for the brute."

CHAPTER XX.—PRINCE CHLODWIG SEES HIS HOME.

FOR a fortnight after their expulsion from Bostel Schloss both Chlodwig and Frank Cunliffe were happy in the congenial society of the Richters. Frank worked hard at his book, materially aided by Richter's profound knowledge of the subjects he was treating, and by the numerous and carefully selected books on the shelves beside him. Chlodwig's state of health, however, was a matter of the greatest concern to his three friends. On his good days they were filled with hope that a change for the

better had set in, but when even the best day was followed by a period of weakness and unrest, and when, despite all their efforts, the hollow cheeks grew no fuller and the great dark eyes continued to burn with an unnatural brightness, hope seemed to vanish, and they feared the worst. On such days it was piteous to watch the efforts Chlodwig made to hearten his friends, to hear the attempts at gaiety by which he sought to banish care from their faces. Most piteous of all was the eager desire he was always manifesting for life. "I shall do this or that when I get better," he would say. His mind teemed with projects and plans which he and Richter and Frank were to realise when the golden days of health returned to him.

The time passed quietly and uneventfully. The greatest events were the receipt of letters from Elsa and Johanna. They wrote long and glowing accounts of their new home in Dresden and of the kindness of their widowed aunt. Elsa wrote to Richter minute details of their trips up the Elbe to the Saxon Switzerland, describing the beauties of the Bastei and Königstein, and the romantic glories of the Bohemian frontier. Johanna sketched with much good-natured piquancy the men and women they met at their aunt's house, and never failed in her frequent letters to send a greeting to Frank, and to express a hope that he was making satisfactory progress with his book. Her very latest communication mentioned that she would order a copy to be sent to her as soon as it appeared, and would devote all her spare time to an attempt to understand it. For she was sure it would be very hard to understand. She had been looking at some books on labour questions, she wrote, and those portions of them which she could grasp were very interesting. Chlodwig and Richter had many a laugh at little Johanna worrying out the meaning of ponderous sentences in German political-economy books, but Frank did not look at it in that light, and was quite certain that Johanna could speedily master any subject to which she gave her mind.

Chlodwig and Frank had been Richter's guests for about three weeks when one morning a letter was received from Johanna which contained important news, and as it plunged right *in medias res*, and, considering the gravity of the news it conveyed, was remarkably short, it may be given here unabridged.

"My dearest Chlodwig," began Johanna. "We have just received a remarkable letter from Berlin from Aunt Caroline, conveying wonderful news which you must hear at once. Cousin Ernst is engaged to be married. Judging from her name—Sophie Zagorski—the happy lady is either a Russian or a Pole, the only child of Count Felix Zagorski. Ernst has known her, it appears, a long time, and aunt writes it is a marriage of pure affection. Just think of that, Chlodwig! Do you know I was vain enough once to think that perhaps some one else might be offered that which now belongs to Mlle. Sophie. The notions some

girls get! They are to be married in Cologne, why, aunt does not vouchsafe to explain. Our father, Aunt Caroline, Count Felix, and the happy pair are all about departing for the Rhenish city, and as you and Mr. Cunliffe are not so very far away, you might like to witness the nuptials. Do, and tell me what *she* is like, and how she is dressed. There's an exercise for you. You need not tell me what Ernst is like. Leave that to my imagination. But we are not invited to Cologne, and it is just as well, for there are some invitations which one could not well accept. Besides, am I not wearing the willow? Aunt Caroline is jubilant. She writes that papa has been lavish in his kindness. Among other things he has bestowed a magnificent ruby necklace on Mlle. Sophie. And her dreams for Ernst are being rapidly realised. Our cousin is to be appointed an attaché to the Roman embassy, and papa is negotiating for the lease of a palace on the Corso where the happy pair may reside in all splendour. You cannot say of this letter that it lacks interest. I was bursting with the news until I could communicate it to you. And the wedding—I had almost forgotten this important particular—is to take place on this day fortnight. Elsa does not say much on this tremendous subject. She is thinking, I suppose. Tell me what you think, and do tell me what Mr. Cunliffe says. I always had an idea that he and our dear cousin Ernst thoroughly understood one another. — Your loving HANSEL."

Johanna wrote in a careless, gay strain, but the party in Richter's cottage treated the news more seriously. Naturally it weighed most on Chlodwig, for he felt that Ernst's step was taken with the connivance and concurrence of his father, and that so long as his cousin was in favour there was no possibility of any reconciliation between him and his father.

After this he was often noticed to sink into a deep reverie, from which it was difficult to rouse him. Of late it had lain on his mind that it was his duty to make one more effort to conciliate his father, and the best method of approaching the old Prince had been the subject of frequent councils with Frank and Richter. But he now saw how impossible this was, and the consciousness that he and his father were for ever lost to one another burthened his conscience with an intolerable weight, and gave a fresh shock to his frail frame, already so enfeebled by disease.

A day or two after the receipt of Johanna's letter Frank Cunliffe announced to his friends the completion of his book. It was an ambitious work, but Richter, no mean judge, paid it the tribute of his unstinted admiration. In a council held on the evening of its completion, it was agreed that Frank should proceed at once to England to seek a publisher. Chlodwig's state of health at the time gave no cause for immediate alarm, so Frank readily fell in with a suggestion which agreed so entirely with his own wishes. He felt certain that his book

was a fresh departure, and that it would create a stir, and win him a name. His experiences of late had planted within him the seeds of a noble ambition, and had taught him what his *métier* really was.

"Good-bye, Frank," said Chlodwig to him as he was leaving. "The fortnight you are away will seem six months to me, but don't hurry back on my account. You'll find us vegetating here when you return, and together we shall wait for the first trumpeting of your fame. I'm curious to know if any notice will be taken of my chapter on 'Useless toil,' or of Richter's contribution on 'Work as a civiliser.' After all, both chapters are your work, for it was you who gave us the subjects and bestowed upon our clumsy sentences their fine finish. Good-bye, dear old Frank." He took his English friend's hand in both his, and brimming over with tears he looked up from his chair into his strong face. It was not like an Englishman, but it was like Frank, to stoop and kiss the pale youth. But he maintained the national characteristics to the full when he marched off with Richter to the station without a word of good-bye, satisfying himself with a vice-like grip of Chlodwig's hand. At the moment of parting he had a queer ill-defined feeling that he was parting from the Prince for a long time, and that before he returned to Uhlmünster the poor lad would have made a last, long, lonely journey from which there was no returning.

At the railway station something of Frank's disquietude was noticed by Richter. "Don't worry," said the ex-pastor. "I think he is a little better. We'll have him up from his chair and able to walk about when you return with your sheaves. His eagerness to live, his delight in life, will help us in the combat. But should anything alarming occur I'll telegraph."

Richter's forecast appeared at first to turn out true. Little by little a measure of strength returned to the relaxed limbs, and vigour to the tired face. Was it delusive? Was it only the glory coming to the clouds before the sunset? Who could say? He was watched and tended with the love of a mother and a brother, and in this atmosphere of affection and tenderness, and impelled by his own great desire, he rallied. The letters he received from his sisters showed him how happy they were in their new home. There was only one shadow on their happiness, they wrote, and that was the state of his health. But they had hopes he would soon be well enough to join them on the beautiful Elbe. And, besides, there was the best news in the world from Frank. A great London publishing firm had "jumped" at his book, as Frank expressed it, and had offered him £500 for it, and a handsome royalty as well. No wonder Chlodwig appeared to grow in strength.

In the late summer afternoons, when the great heat of the day was over, Richter would arrive with a comfortable cart drawn by an easy-going pony, into which the two friends would mount for a short drive into the woods which

lay on that side of Uhlmünster remote from Bostel. Chlodwig never once expressed any desire to see the old Schloss or the great park which lay around it, but Richter knew that his heart was turning towards them. During their short drives together, whenever any slight eminence was reached, he noticed how the Prince would turn his head wistfully in the direction of the proud towers of Bostel—noticed, moreover, the look of pain which flitted for a moment across his face because they were not visible.

One afternoon as the cart was at the door Richter suggested that they might take a longer excursion than usual. There had been rain all the morning, and the summer air felt purified and laden with strange life-giving essences. The proposal was eagerly accepted by the Prince.

"Yes," he said. "Do you know, Paul, I have been thinking we ought to pay old Hermann the swineherd a visit? It is little over an hour's drive, and we can rest there. We can be back easily before it begins to grow dark. Elsa, you say, has been asking about that little Bertha of hers. Let us go into the hills for once. And oh, Paul, I do long to see the Schloss again. It seems years since I last saw the old towers."

The distance was greater than they had been accustomed to, but the pathos in his voice stilled the objection on Richter's lips. He understood. Why should he not see them once more before—?

So his strong arms assisted the frail youth into the cart and disposed the cushions and wraps. Together they started through the outskirts of Uhlmünster across the open country which lay below the hills. The heat was greater than they had anticipated, and it was a relief when the road began to rise and the stubble fields of the plain gave place to gracious woods of umbrageous trees whose boughs met in noble arches over their heads.

Richter brightened the journey in many a pleasant way. He was full of woodland lore. But his companion was silent or only answered in monosyllables. Richter saw that the unusual toil had begun to tell upon him. He had grown deadly pale, and at each jolt of the cart in the ruts made by the recent rains he noticed that a spasm of pain shot across his face.

"You're not ill, Chlodwig?"

"I fear I am. How far have we to go yet?"

"In a few minutes we shall be at Hermann's cottage, but had we not better turn back to Uhlmünster?"

"No, no, drive on! I'll be all right again after a rest. Surely the sun is not sinking already?"

"No, it is only a darker part of the forest. We'll be out in the sunlight presently. There! I see Hermann's cottage and Bertha sitting at the door in the sun. And look! We have our first view of Bostel Schloss."

Chlodwig had been lying back in his cushions, his face the hue of death; his eyes were closed, but at these words he sprang into an upright position and his eyes opened widely.

"Where? Oh, I see it! How beautiful!" He riveted his eyes on the entrancing scene—the grand old irregular grey pile of the Castle crowning an eminence, rising from amidst its glorious woods, its windows all aglow with the westering sunlight—a most princely abode in a setting of romantic beauty.

They drew up opposite the hut, and Hermann's bent wife came out to the door. She speedily recognised Richter and his sick companion. Bertha rose to her feet, and in the helpless way of the blind stretched out her hands, her face lighting up at the sound of Richter's voice.

"Good mother," said Richter, "our friend here is ill, and would rest for an hour in your cottage. The road was rough, and I fear he has suffered some internal injury. Can you get ready some place where he may lie down?"

"Yes, yes, come in, come in! We can do that. The poor Serenity!"

Bertha's low voice was heard: "Perhaps the sick man would rather stay in the sun. When I was sick I liked the sun best."

Chlodwig looked at the child. "She is right," he said; "let me lie in the sun, under that oak!"

Bertha groped her way over to the cart, felt for the Prince's hand, and took it in hers. "Your voice is like Elsa's," she said; "you are her brother, the Prince Chlodwig. I knew your voice, but it is altered. Are you ill? I'll stay by your side until you get better."

Richter dragged out a long oaken settle, which he placed under the shady oak. The old woman hobbled backwards and forwards with the carpets and rugs which Elsa had sent, and laid them out on the settle to form a couch for the sick man. Then Chlodwig placed his worn hands on Richter's shoulders, and he was lifted out of the cart.

"Your Serenity will rest comfortably here," said Hermann's wife. "The pillows will prop up your head. My Hermann told me he would be late to-night, as he had to go to the Schloss to see the steward."

"Paul, turn my face to the Schloss. My pain is gone, but all my strength also, and I would sleep."

Richter sat beside him holding his hand while he slept. The old woman sat at the door of the hut, and as the evening died she glanced now at the slumbering Prince, now along the darkening road towards the Schloss, waiting for the returning steps of her Hermann. Little Bertha looked troubled; her beautiful childish face bore a grave shadow upon it, and sometimes she left her grandmother's side to listen to the Prince's irregular breathing, or to place her gentle hands for a moment on the rug which covered him.

As it grew dark the heavy tramp of Hermann's returning feet was heard along the lonely road. It was his nearer approach which wakened the Prince from what was rather a stupor than a refreshing sleep. He held out his hand to Hermann, who kissed it,

but the words he uttered were few and broken.

"Good friend," he said, "you must let me thank you for your kindness and your wife's kindness. I'm not an outcast when I have such friends."

Hermann looked to Richter for an explanation, but Richter's face bore a look of anguish, and the wise old man asked no questions. Chlodwig kept his gaze fixed on the Schloss.

"I see the lights in the windows," he whispered. "There are so many—as though it were a night of rejoicing. Why is every window lighted? There is no one at home."

Richter turned to Hermann. The old man had just returned from the Castle. He must know.

"Well, you see, your Serenity, there are to be great goings-on at the Schloss to-night. I heard it from Master Rudolf and from the grooms. The young Serenity, Prince Ernst, has been married to-day, and is coming home to the Schloss to-night with his young bride, and they say she is most beautiful. So his Serenity your illustrious Herr father has written to Master Rudolf to order him to light up the Castle. Prince Ernst and his Princess will stay a week at the Schloss, and then they are going away abroad somewhere, where the young Prince will be a statesman. That's what all those lights mean."

"Did he say, Paul, that Ernst was coming home to Bostel?" Chlodwig's voice was scarcely audible. "Do you think my father has really—?"

Richter pressed his friend's hand gently. "Don't worry about that now, Chlodwig. It will turn out all well."

"I know that, but what I want to say is this. Come nearer! When I am gone, will you write to Ernst, and tell him that just before I died I wished him every happiness—him and his beautiful wife, whom I am never to see? Do you promise?"

Richter promised.

"There is something more, Paul. Tell these good people to stand back, they must not hear. Promise to write to my father—"

Richter started, and seemed involuntarily to draw away his hand.

"You *must* promise!" said the dying youth, clutching the hand with all his strength. "Paul, it is my last request!" He fell back on his cushions exhausted. With an effort and in a still weaker voice he whispered:

"Give him my love. . . . Say I am sorry Say . . ."

He closed his eyes.

Suddenly from the four towers of Bostel Schloss great tongues of fire shot up into the evening sky. The glare lighted up the shade under Hermann's oak, and fell on the dying Prince's pallid features.

He slowly opened his heavy eyelids. "What is that?"

Hermann came forward. "The bonfires, your Serenity. They were to be lighted when Prince Ernst and his Princess arrived at Bostel

station. The road from the station right up to the Castle is lighted with lamps all the colours of the rainbow. The fires on the towers will burn till midnight, Master Rudolf told me."

Chlodwig heard the old man's words and smiled.

"Kiss me, Paul. . . . Kiss me again. . . . Don't forget my last message. . . . I'm going home. . . ."

He spoke no more, but the flames on the turrets of Bostel seemed to have grown brighter still. They shone with an intense light on that dead face.

Richter threw himself on the rough bed beside his dead and wept, and Hermann, the old woman, and Bertha shrank away into the shadow of their hut with pale awed faces, whispering together of death and the dead, until Hermann lighted the little lamp which hung before their faded picture of the Virgin.

All night long Prince Chlodwig lay under the stars. When morning dawned he was lifted into the cart, and covered decently with one of the beautiful old worn fabrics which Elsa had sent to the swineherd's cottage. Richter's stern face bore added lines of care and grief as he slowly drove back to Uhlmünster, carrying with him all that was mortal of the friend he had loved so tenderly.

The news spread through Uhlmünster like wildfire. The workshops and furnaces were deserted, and crowds of grimy men came to loiter for hours in front of Richter's cottage, and to gaze at the closely curtained windows behind which the dead Prince lay. He was buried next day, and six thousand men marched behind his coffin, bareheaded, dressed in rusty black most of them. They marched six abreast.

All the way out to the lowly God's acre there was not a sound heard but the steady solemn tramp of the six thousand. Richter made no speech at the grave. The "Prophet" and Comrade Fischer at first expressed a timid wish to utter funeral orations, but they thought better of it. Nor did they ask that Richter should accompany them back to Uhlmünster. They shook hands with him silently, and left him alone at the grave.

CHAPTER XXI.—ON THE ELBE.

THREE years after the events recorded in the last chapter two ladies were seated one sunny morning under a shady cedar in a garden which stretched down to the glancing waters of the Elbe. The elder of the two was the Countess von Radé, a pleasant faced and beautifully dressed little woman with snow-white hair; the younger was her favourite niece, the Princess Johanna von Arnsberg. On a garden table in front of them stood a delicate porcelain coffee service, and a number of letters and papers—their morning mail. The coffee was getting cold, the fresh rolls and butter were neglected, for Johanna was excitedly reading aloud passages from a letter which had

crossed the Atlantic to her, passages to which the elder lady was eagerly giving her attention.

"And listen to this, aunt. Elsa writes—'Paul's new church is a beautiful one in an elevated part of the city, and his congregation numbers three thousand. He is delighted that four-fifths of them can pay no pew rents. We are so happy. You don't know how much it adds to our happiness to see our little Chlodwig, who was six months old last Saturday, growing

"Oh! I can see that, my Hansel. Read it!"

Johanna hesitated.

"Ah! a secret. Well, my dear, skip it, and go on."

"Please, aunt, I'd rather you read it yourself."

"Certainly! Where is it? Oh, I see!"

This was what the Countess read: "Paul had a letter the other day from Frank Cunliffe. He has been appointed a Professor at the Edinburgh

University. Paul showed me his letter. He wished to know if you are still in Dresden, as he wishes to spend his next vacation in the Saxon Switzerland. And then he wrote—these are his very words—'Do you think I ought to go?' Paul wrote to him next day a long letter, and, in reply to his question, said: 'I have been talking with Elsa, and we have both come to the conclusion that you certainly ought to go and to lose no time about it.' So now, my Hansel, you have the most important item for you in all this long letter, and I have kept it till the last on purpose."

"Well, I declare!" said the Countess, and she laughed merrily as she watched her companion's confusion. "I have often heard you talk of Mr. Frank, but I had no idea——"

"Please don't, aunt!"

"But he may be here any day. The summer is passing. Shall I send him away when he comes?"

Johanna shook her head.

"Shall I say 'Good evening; how do you do, Mr. Frank? We have been expecting you for years. My niece is in the garden. Will you kindly go and

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speak to her while I see after the tea?"

Johanna rose swiftly from her seat, threw her arms round her aunt's neck, and kissed the old lady on both cheeks.

"Very well, my dear," said the Countess, struggling to free herself, "we have settled that point in a most satisfactory manner, and now we shall have some cold coffee. Only I don't think that you will induce your old aunt to accompany you up and down those dreadful hills with that long-legged young Englishman—I'm sure he has long legs. You are quite able to take care of your Master Frank without my assistance. But I *shall* miss you when you are gone."



NEWS FROM FRANK.

more and more like our dear brother. And he is getting so fond of Bertha—the kindest little nurse in the world."

The two ladies looked at one another, delighted at the news, and the Countess von Radé clapped her hands.

"Go on, dear! Tell me more about that baby."

"That's all about the baby, aunt," said Johanna, hurriedly skimming the next page. But the keen-eyed old lady noticed that Johanna had again struck ore in that wonderful letter, for her face was flushing crimson.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"Something about an old friend of mine."

A HAUNTED HOUSE IN JAPAN.

"AND what kind of ghost is a Japanese ghost?" I hear you say. Well, before you can understand the matter or sympathise with my troubles I must tell you a little about the important subject of foxes and badgers.

They play a large part in folklore, for "they can kill people, assume their shapes and terrify their friends."

An old man will return to his house and, instead of finding his wife, a creature in her shape will be sitting there; it reveals itself by suddenly jumping up, whisking the tail of a badger and making off!

Japan is full of picturesque shrines dedicated to the Fox God, and in the villages nearly every house has a paper pasted on the wall by the door imploring his protection.

In Tokyo there is one particular temple which the "geisha" or singing girls support; they have lately had it done up, and the entrance is ornamented with new stone foxes with the most wonderful ears.

Besides being able to assume the human shape, the fox is supposed to take possession of the human body; to be "fox bewitched" was a common malady in olden times, and is still a thing firmly believed in by many Japanese. The fox is supposed to enter the body through the space between the finger-nail and the flesh. This malady known as "fox possession" is treated by fox doctors or by priests, and the priests, the Nichiren sect of Buddhists, have always been considered very successful as "fox expellers."

The traveller who, coming to Japan, sees the handsome schools, the electric light, the tram cars, etc., probably imagines that all such superstitions as belief in the magic power of foxes have passed away; but that such is not the case will be seen by the following incident of life lived among the people.

I was enjoying my summer holidays in a lovely place in the mountains, when I received a letter from my mission woman, who, with my one servant, was taking charge of my house in my absence. She said that she thought it her duty to write and tell me that very disagreeable things were happening in the house. They had been so frightened that they had asked the policeman to sleep one night in my sitting room, another night the catechist and his wife slept there to protect them, but all the neighbours said that the house was undoubtedly "haunted," and they had come to the conclusion that a badger had taken up its abode in the roof!

"Get some men," I wrote, "to go up into

the roof and search out that badger and kill it." And I gave the matter nothing more than an amused kind of attention.

We generally end our summer holidays in Japan with a tremendous storm of wind and rain which brings about a complete collapse of railways.

This year was not exceptional, and, just as we wanted to go home, the storm came and a hundred feet of railway were left hanging in the air, the earth beneath having been washed away. There was nothing to be done but to walk to the foot of the mountain pass.

Let anyone who is tired of the sameness of well-regulated European travel come to Japan.

To get up at five o'clock and, before one starts, watch the wild altercations as to what luggage is to go on to what pack-horse; and then just as one's patience is quite giving way, the men suddenly agree and the procession starts: this is very different travelling to what one gets in the lands of express trains and hansom cabs.

But no cab could take one through that beautiful scenery. The narrow steep path, with waving grasses on each side; the road passing along by the river down into dark places, with fantastically shaped rocks on either side, and then out into the bright morning sunshine; and in the distance range upon range of mountains.

After a ten-mile walk, and several hours in a hot, crowded train, I at length arrived at my little Japanese house, and flung myself on my bed with the consciousness that I had a touch of fever.

When I was a little rested my mission worker came up to see me, and I asked laughingly, "What of the badger? Is he dead and gone?"

But I saw very plainly, by the way in which my question was received, that he was by no means dead and gone, and I felt that, much as I should like to lie still quietly, I had better tackle the badger question at once.

"Well, tell me what happens? Why do the neighbours say that this house is haunted?" I asked.

"Suddenly, in the middle of the night, we hear the most extraordinary noises, and sometimes in the middle of the day our bodies get stiff and cold, and there is no way of accounting for it; and sometimes there is the sound of a clock ticking, but there is no clock. And twice I have heard my name called and could see no one."

"And do you really mean to say," I asked, "that you, a Christian woman, believe that the badger comes and calls out your name?"

"But it is a known fact," she said, "and you can read it in any Japanese history, that the badger can imitate the human voice. It did not call my family name; it knew my own Christian name."

"And what have you done to get the badger away?"

"We had the policeman to sleep here one night, and then the catechist; but they did not hear it."

"Well, I should think not," I said; "if the badger is half as clever as you imagine, it would know when there is a policeman about. Does anything appear?"

"Tomi [that was my servant] sometimes tells me in the morning that she saw a dark shape go three times round the room, but I have only heard it."

"Well, now," I said, "hang a lamp in the middle room, and open the sliding walls, so that the house will be all lit, and I will watch to-night for the dark shape and listen for noises; but I rather think the badger will not appear with me in the house."

My fever being rather high, I knew that I should manage to keep awake, and I was glad that there had been some books from England awaiting my return; but even with their help I cannot say that I spent a happy night.

There is nothing in the world so tiring as listening. I was convinced by what my mission woman told me that there was some animal in the space between the ceiling and the roof, and I fully expected that it would come out at night. I have frequently chased rats out of my room in the night, for paper walls serve as a poor protection against nibbling animals. And so I lay and listened for this wonderful badger. Several times I thought it was coming, but the little noise was only a few drops of rain on the roof; all through the night there were occasional cracks and creaking noises to arouse one's expectations; but nothing appeared, nor was there any sound distinctively of an animal, and towards dawn I fell asleep.

In the morning I told my little household that I had done my duty by the badger, and would certainly not watch another night. As a matter of fact, one did not need to try to keep awake the next night, for the animal did make a tremendous noise in the roof; but as it seemed to have frightened away my enemies the rats, I told my women that I did not mind the noise in the least, only I did not want to hear any more about "dark shapes" and "mysterious voices." And I fondly hoped that with this I had disposed of the badger.

The next day a little note was put into my hands. It was from my mission woman.

"If your servant wishes to leave you, please let her go. There is a great deal behind this, but I am ashamed to tell you. I have told the clergyman, and he will tell you."

Of course, I had her in.

"Now," I said, "it is quite out of the question for me to go to the clergyman to hear about my servant; you must tell me yourself."

At first she would not tell me; but seeing that I was quite determined, I at last got at the story, and out of a mass of complicated statements made out the main fact, which was, that she believed that Tomi was trying to bewitch her with a fox or badger.

"That is a very serious thing to charge Tomi with," I said, "and you must give your exact reasons."

"A few days after you left, she went to a fortune-teller, and he told her that I would go mad before the end of this month if I had any anxiety or if I saw a fox. And she told the neighbours that I would go mad, and they said to me, 'You must take care; she will do you some harm.' And Tomi has a brother who understands all about foxes; he can bewitch people and cure them, and she was his pupil, and understands it all, too."

This servant of mine, Tomi by name, was an elderly woman who had been in my house about six months. When she came to me, I heard that she was not a Christian, but an honest, good servant. She was a capital cook, and I sometimes wished that cooks in England could see the soufflés made by a cook who was paid fourteen shillings a month, and not only "kept" herself, but also provided her own bedding, as is the custom in Japan.

"How do you know about Tomi believing in foxes?" I asked.

"Because she speaks of it, and she has made a vow to build a stone shrine to the fox, and in her room there is a shelf, and on it a wooden copy of the shrine she will build, and there are flowers in front of it. And she said to me one morning, 'It has come, and is in the shrine, but it is invisible,' and that is the fox that she thinks will bewitch me."

"I don't understand in the least," I said. "I thought that it was a badger in the roof, and that it made such a noise that the neighbours could hear, and now it is a fox that is in a shrine." And then, with a patience worthy of the Psychical Research Society, I went over the matter again. No one who has not tried to get clear statements out of the Japanese has any idea of the labour it involves. Everything gets so complicated in their hands; but at last I found that the matter did divide itself into two—first, an unmistakable animal that certainly scuttled about and made noises in the roof; and secondly, a mysterious *it* who had come to live in a shrine in my house.

"How does Tomi know that there is something in the shrine?" I asked.

"She does not tell me *that*, but she thinks it is a great honour for her; and several times in the morning she said to me, 'Last night I saw a black shape walking round the room.' She says that to frighten me, but she thinks that if I see it once I will go mad. And when I first thought 'She is trying to bewitch me,' I felt very wicked for being so suspicious, and I did not go to the Holy Communion for two Sundays, and I tried to

put such thoughts away, but now again I am sure she is bewitching me."

And from this belief I could not shake her. How far she too really believed that there was a mysterious something in the shrine, I could not make out; but certain it was that she fully believed in the powers of foxes and badgers, and also that Tomi was able to make them exert those powers from her knowledge of such arts. Therefore the only thing to be done was to send Tomi away. I was very loth to do so; she was an excellent servant, and well I knew the horrors of having no servant, and having to cook one's own food in the midst of a busy life, or having to teach the mysteries of beefsteak or bread pudding to a woman accustomed to fish and seaweed.

But it did not seem right to have a worshipper of the Fox God in a Christian household, and so I gave her notice to go, and prepared to have a very serious talk with her on the folly of her fox worship; but, alas! the efforts to understand all the intricacies of the ghost had not quieted my fever, and I

was suddenly ordered off to a house where I could get proper nursing.

In the few minutes I had between leaving my bedroom and getting into the jinricksha, I went to the kitchen, and into Tomi's room, to see this mysterious shrine. Against the wall was fastened a wooden shelf which had on it several little name tablets, also a small wooden shrine with flowers in front.

I should really have liked to have had some talk with her on the matter, but before the fever was over, and I could return to my house, she had gone, and it only remained to have a further talk with my mission woman; but I fear that, in spite of all I say, she has a lingering belief in the badger. Not more, perhaps, than the Irishman has in his banshee or the Scotchman in his second sight; so one must not be too severe on it.

I find that my house has a widely spread reputation for being haunted, the neighbours going so far as to say that it is inhabited by a mysterious badger, who can not only assume the form of an Englishwoman, but can even sit upon a chair.

S. BALLARD.

Gracy Day.

(THE DAFFODIL.)

GRACY DAY, she has come to town,
Gracy Day in a golden gown,
Hooped gold gown and hosen green,
Fairer damsel was never seen.

Gracy Day, in the busy street,
Droops a little for toil and heat,
Bird-song and brook-song both she misses,
And the courting wind and the rain's light kisses.

Gracy Day, you will never again
Flout the wind in your country lane,
Never again will the bracken brown
See the gleam of your golden gown.

Gracy Day, are you sad at last
That your golden store on the street is cast,
Where scarcely a man or maid takes heed
If under their eyes be flower or weed?

Gracy Day, are you sad or no,
Here to wait in the pool's mid-flow,
While the tide of souls goes up and down
Gracy Day, in your golden gown?

Was it mocking elfin or angel, dear,
Sent us your country beauty here,
Your young green scent on the air to spill
For men that know not the daffodil?

Gracy Day, that has come to die
In the ignorant street, 'neath the careless sky,
Go back to God, and be sweet for aye
In the fields of heaven, my Gracy Day!

NORA HOPPER.

DAFFODILS



BLUE-COAT GIRLS.

BY ALICE GRAVESON.



A BLUE-COAT GIRL OF TO-DAY.
(Drawn by A. Kershaw.)

ON the western outskirts of the country town of Hertford, within high brick walls, behind tall iron gates, stands the mass of picturesque old buildings of the Hertford branch of the Christ's Hospital Schools, in which the girls live and are educated as long as they are on the foundation, and the boys till they reach the age of thirteen, when they are drafted to the London school.

Christ's Hospital was founded in 1552, and the Charter was granted by King Edward VI in the following year. At first no child was admitted under the age of four years, but in 1600 the age limit was reduced

to three years. At this date Christ's Hospital was more a hospital than a school, but when frequent bequests were made to it on condition of their being devoted to scholastic purposes, it gave particular attention to the teaching of the children, and by degrees developed into a recognised educational institution. But these privileges were enjoyed mainly by boys. The regulations of 1600 limited the number of girls to thirty, and it is only in comparatively recent times that they have risen above that number.

In 1655, so large was the number of applications for the admission of children to the hospital, that weekly allowances were made for the nursing of certain numbers in the City and its vicinity, and institutions for the same purpose were established in the country towns of Hertford, Ware, and Broxbourne.

In 1676 new regulations were drawn up, and it was ordained that all children who could not be admitted to Christ's Hospital for lack of room should not be allowed to stay in the City either with their parents or others, but should be sent to the houses at Hertford and Ware, where schoolmasters were provided for their

instruction. It was soon found that these homes were not large enough to supply the demand for places in them, so in 1683 the foundations of a preparatory school were made in Hertford, which, however, was not completed till 1695. To this school all the younger boys were brought, but the girls remained in London till 1774, in which year they were removed to Hertford, where they have remained ever since.

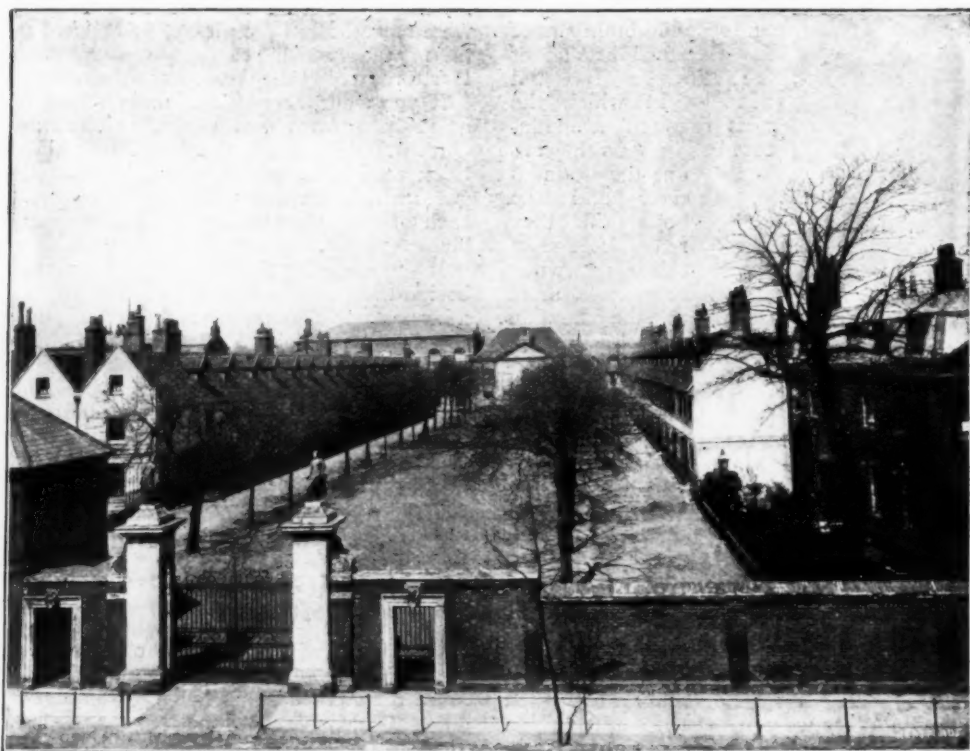
If you walk through the main street of the quiet little town, past shops, and banks, and Queen Anne houses, you come to a high red-brick wall with, in the middle of it, tall iron gates which are flanked by smaller ones. On each of the stone gate-posts is the figure of a blue-coat boy.

If you enter by the wicket gate on the left, beside the porter's lodge, you find yourself in a large main square, or rather quadrangle, to the right of which lie all the boys' buildings, while the girls' are on the left. There are side walks which are separated from the buildings by a line of lime-trees, which in summer make all the air sweet with their rich and heavy scent. Immediately to the right on entering is a gate which leads to the boys' grammar school, which was built in 1783, and enlarged in 1818; then comes the house of the headmaster, the Rev. J. T. Bell. Next to this is a long line of red-roofed, two-storeyed houses, known as *wards*, in which the boys live. To the left is the porter's lodge; next to it a garden gate through which you pass to the house of the head-mistress of the girls' school, Miss Robertson; then come some large gates leading to the girls' school. Beyond these is the house of the steward, Mr. J. F. B. Sharpe, and then the girls' wards, which correspond to those of the boys on the opposite side of the square. Across the end of the square is the original boys' school—a curious steep-roofed, gabled building, known as the reading and writing school. It has a doorway in the middle, and over this, in a niche, is another figure of a blue-coat boy. In the face of the gable is a clock, and above it rises the bell-tower, from which the bell sounds at intervals from six o'clock in the morning till a quarter to ten at night. Between school-hours the square is bright with the blue coats and yellow stockings of the boys, and merry with their laughter. But the serious games are played in the playing-field, which lies to the right, beyond the wards and the delightful old gardens which belong to them.

It is worth while, before going any farther, to return to the street, and view the building from the other side. An iron railing, bounding the outer edge of that portion of the footpath which

runs alongside the front of the Hospital, confers an air of distinction to this bit of the street. The wall to the left, which separates the front of the girls' school from the road, is beautiful at all times of the year. In the spring, wall-flowers start up from its crannies, and lilac-trees hang heavy branches of blossom across it; in the summer, honeysuckles and great clusters of red and blush roses nod the friendliest of greetings to passers-by; and in the winter, when all the gayer flowers are dead, Cape jasmine shoots up its yellow spears from amongst the ivy that is always there. Above the wall

which consists of the girls' school, flanked by a girls' ward on one side, and by the houses of the head-mistress and some of the assistant-mistresses on the other. Facing these is the flower-clad street wall. The distance between the two is so narrow that it is impossible to get any adequate representation of the spot either by pencil or camera. A narrow box-bordered strip of garden lies on either side of the winding gravel walk, in which roses and mignonette, phloxes and poppies, sunflowers and dahlias, sweet peas and love-in-a-mist, fuchsias and geraniums, grow gaily. All manner of bright-



ENTRANCE GATES, HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE, AND BOYS' SQUARE.

(From a photograph by A. Elsdon, Hertford.)

you see the upper storey of a long red-brick building, with dormer windows in its red-tiled roof, in the middle of which the gable of the girls' school rises. Beneath the gable, on either side of a large window, is a niche, in which stands the figure of a little blue-coat girl, a contemporary of the boy on the gate-posts.

The wall to the right of the entrance gate, which bounds the boys' school, is overshadowed by large flowering trees—acacias and lilacs. The buildings visible—mainly the additions of 1818—are not particularly picturesque.

To view the front of the girls' school you must pass through the garden gate, which lies just beyond the porter's lodge, and you find yourself in, perhaps, the most charming bit of the Hospital. On the one side is the long quaint building which was built in 1774, and

hued, sweet-smelling creepers cling tenderly to the old mossy brick walls, which are purple and white in spring with the drooping blossoms of a wistaria and the cup-shaped blooms of a cherry-tree; white in summer with the starry flowers of the jessamine, and the heavy clusters of pyrocanthus, whose scarlet berries in the autumn, with the gold of the vine, and the crimson of the Virginia-creeper, make a blaze of colour, bewildering in its glory. All through the summer days the low wide windows of the old-fashioned rooms are open, and the sunshine floods them, and the breezes carry in the petals of the red and white roses, and the bees follow, and the scent of flowers pervades every nook and cranny.

To get to the back of the girls' school you must either pass through the houses or go out

into the main square, to enter by the large gates inscribed "To the Girls' School." You then find yourself in a sunny gravelled square enclosed by the wall of the steward's garden, the school, a covered corridor, and a girls' ward, which last separates this square from a larger one lying beyond. The larger square is enclosed on two sides by girls' wards, on the third by the school infirmary, and on the fourth by a boundary wall. There are some isolated buildings in it—a music house, an assembly hall, some sheds containing seats and trapezes. In one corner is a swing, in another a seesaw. A double row of lime-trees runs down one side, and there are bits of kitchen-gardens and flower-gardens in between the buildings. The central part is gravelled, and here the girls play football and hockey in the winter, and tennis and cricket in the summer. At the far end of the square are gates which lead to the back premises, where are the carpenter's shop, a wash-house, the entrance to the infirmary, and farther on still a little yard, where certain poor people come daily for the scraps left over from the school dinner, and upon which the school chapel abuts. To the right is the buttery, which is practically a well-stocked dry-goods store; a little farther on to the left are the spacious kitchens. Above are the dining-hall and the cooks' rooms, and if you go straight on through the cloisters you find yourself back in the main square.

Until comparatively recent years, the girl element in Christ's Hospital received little consideration; the numbers were few, and the education provided was defective. "They are taught reading, writing, the rudiments of arithmetic, and needlework. Part of their occupation consists in making the linen, both of the boys and themselves," writes an historian of the present century. But a few years ago a new order of things came in; a new educational scheme was drawn up, and the number of places on the foundation assigned to girls was augmented. The consequence is that the school-house proper only accommodates about half the pupils; the class-rooms used by the remaining half are situated in different parts of the grounds. It often happens that classes change rooms during the morning, and this necessitates a walk across the playground. Far from being a drawback, this works advan-

tageously, for the change into the fresh air has an exhilarating effect upon the bodies and brains of both teachers and girls. Even in wet weather very little inconvenience is felt.

After all available space in the original buildings had been utilised, the accommodation was still insufficient for the increasing numbers. The governors were, in 1897, fortunate enough to obtain possession of the premises of a small brewery adjoining the Hospital buildings on their east side. The brewhouses have been converted into excellent class-rooms and a delightful kitchen where cooking lessons are



FRONT OF GIRLS' BUILDINGS.

(From a photograph by Louis Eisner, St. Moritz.)

given to a certain number of the elder girls. This kitchen is fitted up with a coal-stove, a gas-stove, cupboards, special cooking tables, and a tier of raised seats, from each of which the demonstrations of the teacher can be seen as she gives her preparatory lecture for the practical work that follows it. In front of the buildings which constituted the old brewery and opening on to the main street, is a commodious Queen Anne house, formerly occupied by the resident brewer, now used as an assistant-mistresses' house.

There are, at present, 132 girls in the school. They enter either by presentation or scholarship between the ages of nine and thirteen, and leave at seventeen. Under the old scheme they entered as young as eight, and left at fifteen. The present arrangement naturally renders possible the attainment of a higher educational standard.

Although Christ's Hospital is a boarding-school, the school and the ward life are quite independent of one another. The children come from their wards to the class-rooms, just as they might come from the town to the school. The teaching, on the high-school system, is in the hands of a staff consisting of the head-mistress and seven assistant-mistresses. Morning lessons last for two and three-quarters or three hours, according to the day of the week, and this time is broken at a quarter to eleven by fifteen minutes' play. Afternoon lessons last for two hours. When school is over the girls go to their respective wards, where they live under the care of a ward matron. One hour's study is done in ward, the remainder of the preparation 'in school during school hours.

The school life, except in details consequent upon the fact that mistresses and girls and all concerned in it live within the precincts, differs little from the ordinary routine of an English high school. But the ward life has many interesting features which are probably peculiar to Christ's Hospital.

The plan of the wards and the domestic arrangements are all extremely simple and practical, in order to combine the minimum of work with the maximum of cleanliness.

There are five wards, and each contains, on an average, twenty-eight girls, who, among them, do all the lighter work of the ward, each girl having her particular duty. This ward work is, in itself, a most excellent practical education.

The most important duties are those of the monitresses, who have to keep order and silence in the day-room, dormitories, and bath-room; to get the girls into rank when they leave the ward for school, drill, walks, or chapel; to take the ends of the table during study hour; and to read evening prayers. They are chosen, not according to stature nor age, but according to the amount and quality of character they possess, and for their ability to manage and influence the other girls.

Next in importance come the wardrobe girls, who are responsible for the order of the girls' clothes. They take charge of the linen. Many of the undergarments and the pinafores are made by the girls in the needlework lessons. The mending of clothes is done to a great extent in the mending lesson. Although much less time is given to it by this than by former generations of blue-coat girls, the needlework and darning of the girls of to-day reach a very high pitch of excellence, and the marking in cross-stitch on every garment they possess is quite beautiful.

The office of the monitresses and wardrobe-

girls is no sinecure, but it is in itself a privilege, and it carries with it certain privileges: one of these is the first right to join those game-clubs into which only a limited number of members can be received; another is to sit up a little later at night; another is two hot-cross buns, instead of one, on Good Friday; and yet another is to have two mattresses to sleep upon, if there happen to be any surplus ones in the dormitory. What would the blue-coat girl of 1552 have thought of this last luxury, for *she* slept on a bed of loose straw upon the floor?

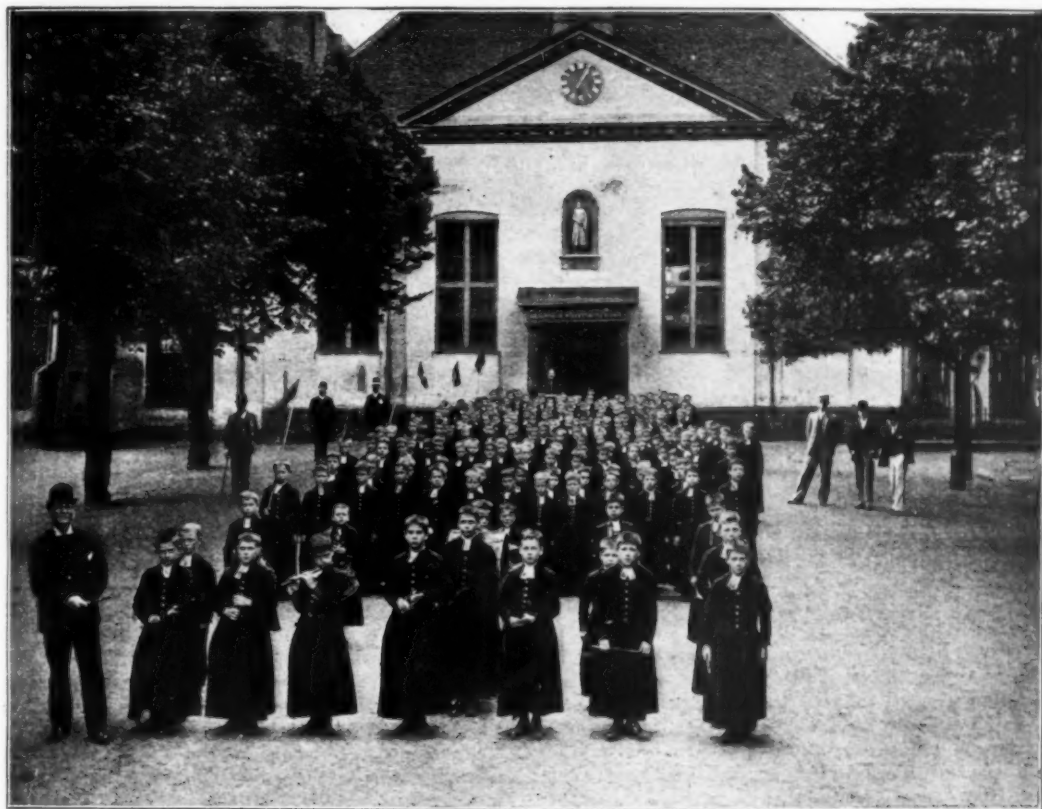
Next come the house-girls, who lay the table for the supper, taken in ward, and prepare the baskets of articles that are needed for the breakfast and dinner in the dining-hall: in the technical language of Christ's Hospital this preparation of baskets is known as *the trades*. After supper, they clear the tables, but the washing up is done by the ward servant. There is a knife-girl, who is responsible for the knives; a bread-girl, who distributes the bread at all the meals; dusting-girls, who dust the day-room and dormitories; bath-room-girls, who are responsible for the prompt execution of the work connected with bathing; window-girls, who look after the ventilation of the rooms; a boot-girl, who collects the dirty boots for the men to take away to be cleaned, and who gives them out by number when they come back; and a library-girl, who, every Saturday, collects the read books from the ward and gets out those fresh ones asked for by the girls from the school library.

Everything goes briskly, and with the regularity of clockwork. An average school-day is much as follows: When the six o'clock bell rings the girls get up; they dress, open out the dormitories, and are downstairs by 6.30, the dusting-girls a little sooner. After eating a biscuit, the girls sit down to the table and study in silence from 6.45 to 7.45. They are ready in rank to march up to hall to breakfast when the eight o'clock bell rings. By a quarter to nine they are back in their wards; they make their beds, collect their books, and are ready to go into school when the 9.10 bell rings. At 10.45 they come out for a quarter of an hour's recreation in the playground, and during this interval the house-girls get the dinner-things ready. When the eleven o'clock bell rings, they return to their class-rooms, and remain there till 12.15 or 12.30. They stay in the playground till 12.45, when they go into ward to prepare for dinner. When the one o'clock bell rings they march up to the dining-hall. By 1.45 they are back in their wards, and the matrons serve out what is known in Christ's Hospital as *trash*. Trash is the private store of sweets, cake, and fruit that each girl possesses, and which is kept locked up by the matron in the trash-cupboard. The time from 1.45 to 2.30 is spent in games or at drill. At 2.45 afternoon school begins, and lasts till 4.45. The next hour is spent in the playground, or at the swimming-baths, or in walking. Then comes supper in ward at six o'clock, after which the girls come out again for games till

7.45, when they return to ward, and get ready for prayers. Prayers are read by the senior monitress at eight o'clock. When they are over, the girls go in silence to bed. Once in bed they can talk or tell tales till nine o'clock, when silence must begin. A few senior girls sit up a little later, and have a small second supper.

In winter the getting-up bell rings an hour later, and the study hour is transferred to the evening. In winter also afternoon school begins half an hour later, in order to get in as much out-of-door exercise as possible while there is daylight.

are replaced by jerseys. On the other hand, the original costume worn by the girls is scarcely suitable to the conditions of life of to-day. The caps and tippets would necessitate an enormous amount of unnecessary work in the form of washing, and the short sleeves could never at any time have been comfortable in our fickle climate. The present costume is simple, practical, and unremarkable. It consists of a plain blue serge dress, a white collar, with, for outdoor wear, a sailor hat—white in summer, dark blue in winter—and a blue cloth coat, which is not worn in the warm weather. In school, the girls wear pinafores—brown



JUNIOR BLUE-COAT BOYS' DRUM AND PIPE BAND. READING AND WRITING SCHOOL AT THE BACK.

(From a photograph by A. Hadden, Hertford.)

The features of the Hospital that most impress strangers are the costumes of both boys and girls, and the ceremony of dining in hall. Every Britisher is familiar with the boys' costume, and it is to-day little different from the one designed when King Edward VI of pious memory founded the school. But the girls' dress has undergone very considerable modification. The reason for the difference is obvious. The boys' costume is eminently practical; the coats are perhaps a little heavy, but they form a complete protection against all kinds of weather; the skirts can easily be tucked up through the girdle when the owners engage in casual games, and for football and cricket they

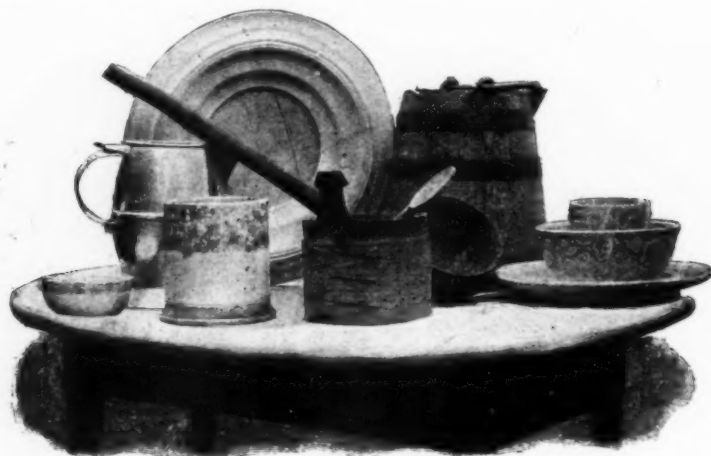
holland on week-days, and white diaper on Sundays. In the playground they wear crimson Tam O' Shaners. Their Tam O's, as they call them, they make themselves. The costumes of both boys and girls are bright and effective, and in pleasant harmony with the setting of old gables and gravelled squares, tiled roofs and dormer windows, box borders and flowering trees.

Two meals are taken daily in hall, the one o'clock dinner and the eight o'clock breakfast. The boys have their supper there, but alone. When the one o'clock bell rings, a small drum and pipe band, composed of the boys and led by a bandmaster, assembles in front of the

reading and writing school, and plays some popular airs, while the boys come out from their wards and fall in rank, the leading boy carrying a red flag, bearing the number of his ward. The drill-sergeant—a member of the Hospital staff—puts them through a short drill, then they march up to the hall to the music of the band. The girls now file through the gates into the square, march up the centre, through the cloisters, and up the wide oak staircase to the dining-hall. In the middle, to the right on entering, is an organ and reading-desk; oppo-

The matrons carve, but almost all the serving is done by the children—likewise the clearing; and it is astonishing how quickly all the things used by nearly 300 children can be entirely removed. When the tables are bare, every one stands, while the little chaplain reads the second grace; then all file back to their respective wards, certain boys and girls carrying down with them the lighter baskets, and the matron her own private leather-encased carving knife and fork.

The morning ceremony is similar, except that



HOSPITAL CROCKERY AND UTENSILS.
(From a photograph by Louis Eisner.)

site is the steward's table, where the steward and a mistress sit during the meal. Above and below these are long, heavy oak tables and benches marked with the ward numbers, and standing four abreast. Those beyond the organ are occupied by the boys, those on the door side by the girls. At the end of each table stands the matron of the ward of boys or of girls sitting at that table. One of the girls goes to the organ, and one of the boys to the reading-desk. A verse of a hymn is sung to the organ accompaniment, and the boy reads the school grace; then dinner begins.

The tables of the boys are laid by some of the boys themselves. The table-cloth is very long, and somewhat unwieldy, so, the better to manipulate it, a boy places it, folded up, at one end of the table, where he takes charge of it. Another boy mounts the table, takes the loose end in his hands, strides over it, and holding the end in front of him, runs down the table, dragging the cloth with him. Experience has proved this to be the most expeditious manner of spreading the cloth. Other boys are meantime bringing up the meat and vegetables, gravy and pudding, from the kitchen below. The food is served up on metal dishes, several of them double with a lining of hot water, so that the heat is retained for a considerable time.

The girls' tables are laid by the wives of some of the men-servants.

the band does not play, and grace is preceded by morning prayers, also read by the officiating boy.

One of the illustrations shows some of the dinner things, past and present, of the Hospital. The crockery is very pretty—a blue design on a white ground, beneath which is the school arms, and the number of the ward to which the article belongs. The metal jug is used for gravy, the wooden articles are of ancient date when the equipments of the table were less refined than in the present day. The small spoon was used for pudding and porridge, the large ladle for soup, the small wooden bucket for holding milk or water, and the 'piggin,' with its vertical handle, was a substitute for mugs and basins. The bread trencher is still in use.

Close to the dining-hall is the school shop, to which the girls are taken once a week to purchase their trash, a diversion much appreciated. The profits of the shop go to expenses in connection with the school games.

Up to 1892, the girls and boys were in the habit of attending service at the parish church of All Saints; but in the winter of that year the church was destroyed by fire, and in the newly erected one no accommodation has been made for the blue-coat children. In the old church there existed two galleries, one for the boys, the other for the girls. Along the front of the boys' gallery ran this inscription:

"THIS GALLERY WAS BUILT FOR THE USE OF THE BLEWCOAT BOYS BELONGING TO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL LONDON, BY A WORTHY BENEFactor AND GOVERNOUR OF THAT HOSPITAL, ANNO DOMINI, 1684."

The unusual treatment of the letter F was a mystery for some time, but it was eventually discovered that the "worthy benefactor and governour," while insistent that his name should not be revealed, permitted that the letter F, which was the first letter of his surname—Firman—should, as often as it occurred, no matter what the position, be printed as a capital.

From 1892 till 1896, morning and afternoon services for both boys and girls were conducted every Sunday by the head-master in the dining-hall, but in the summer of 1896 a disused building beyond the cloisters was converted into a very pretty little chapel, which is used for all the religious services of the school. In 1897 several of the children were here confirmed by the Bishop of St. Albans, and in 1898 by the Suffragan Bishop of Colchester. Last autumn, the Duke of Cambridge—the President of Christ's Hospital—attended one of the Sunday-morning services in the chapel.

The wonderful progress made by the girls of Christ's Hospital since the new educational scheme came into force has more than justified the many new privileges which this new scheme conferred on them. This progress is evidenced in the places gained by blue-coat girls in the Cambridge Local and Civil Service Examina-

tions, and by the ease with which they obtain appointments as pupil-teachers under the London School Board, and as book-keepers, typewriters, and shorthand clerks in the City. But better evidence exists in the type of girl the school produces—a girl, loyal, reliant, practical and sensible, with a well-trained, serviceable intellect.

Youth is rarely conscious of its blessings, and it is probable that blue-coat girls will appreciate their privileges more truly in the future than in the present. In the years to come, when the sky is blue and the scent of flowers is in the air, memories will come back to them of their school, and its old-world charm—the gables, the tiles, the ancient mossy walls along which the cherry and apple and pear trees spread their foamy white blossoms, the lilacs, purple and white, which scented all the sunshiny spring air with their luscious fragrance; the laburnums that shook their leaflets of gold so carelessly upon the heads of the children who passed beneath; the hawthorns that rained their pink and white petals along the gravelled paths; the vines that bore those queer little bunches of close sweet grapes; the starlings that chattered over their numerous offspring that filled the nests beneath the projecting eaves. Perhaps they will come back to visit it, and will then feel as their elders feel to-day, as if they had stepped into some forgotten walled garden, where time has stood still, where there is no press of hurrying feet—till the girls and boys come out to play!

Spring.

TWERE sweet to stray, now resting and now roving,

Together with clasped hands and meeting eyes,
And hearts content in the calm dream of loving,
That dreads no rude awakening nor surprise.

To taste afresh of Spring's surpassing gladness,
Of joy and wonder and new-born delight!
Or drink deep draughts of that entrancing sadness,
That pours its richest music on the night.

To wander where the early violets springing,
Crushed by our feet, yield perfume like a prayer;
Or where the lark his upward flight is winging,
Chanting his carol in the morning air.

Pleasant to listen to the cuckoo calling

Across the golden meadows all the day;
While songs and sounds of laughter rising,
falling,
Float on the breeze o'er fields of scented hay.

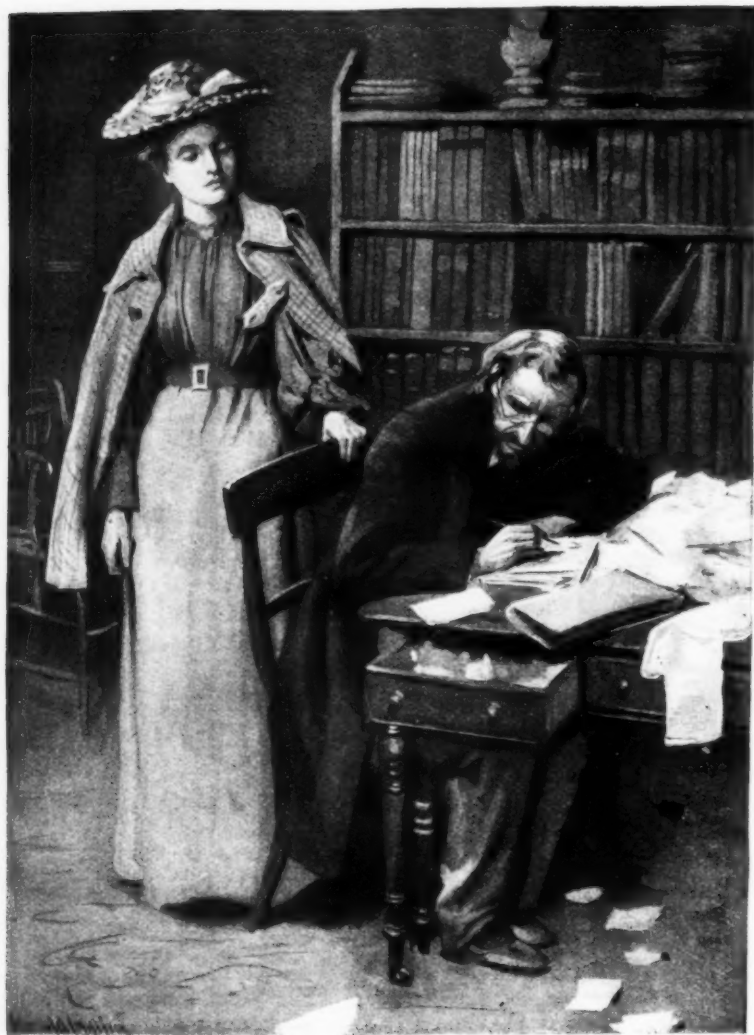
Or from some hill to watch the light departing,
As travellers gaze toward their vanished home,
Yet in the welcome, drown the pang of parting,
Nor mourn the past, but long for days to come.

So we with hope the fading hours beguiling,
Fear not the morrow, nor the passing breath;
But to the future turn our faces smiling,
In life together, nor alone in death.

KATHERINE WILLS.

BY FANCY LED.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "LISBETH," ETC.



"IF YOU SHOULD WANT ME, AND WILL TELEGRAPH—"

CHAPTER X.

ARTHUR SHORE had been three weeks at the farm before his mother went to pay the promised visit to him.

"I wish you were coming with me," she said when Delia ran in for a hurried five minutes on the eve of her start. "I'm half afraid of the reception Arthur will give me when he finds me appearing all by myself."

"I wrote to him yesterday and told him," Delia confessed. Her face was a little troubled;

she suffered, too, in the keenness of Arthur's disappointment, and yet there was consolation even in the thought that he would be hurt. It meant that he still loved her best.

"You'll tell him, mummie, that I couldn't really help it, and that it just breaks my heart to see you setting off alone? But when Arthur understands that Miss Bramston would be dreadfully inconvenienced if I didn't join her in the North as she has telegraphed for me to do—you'll make him understand, dear, that I couldn't honourably refuse, having pledged

myself to help her—and"—her voice sank to an embarrassed murmur, "it's double the pay."

"Well, my dear, I know better what is expected of one nowadays than to interfere with a young person's career. It's the privilege of age to cultivate a receptive mind. And Arthur, being of your own generation, oughtn't to have any preconceived notions to make a sacrifice of. I'll do my best for you, and at least I can write you a faithful account of our boy. But"—she ended more gravely, her hand on Delia's shoulder, "though I suppose all you young people know where you are moving to, and it is the fault of our old eyes that we cannot see so clearly as you—don't forget that a good man's love is still the best and safest goal after all—I make bold to say it even in the face of the newest convert to New-womanhood."

"Oh, mummie," said Delia brokenly, hiding her face on the little woman's shoulder, "I'm not new! I'm just the same age as you, for I think exactly as you do about everything! I couldn't be more old-fashioned in my ideas if I had been born a hundred years ago, but"—she raised her burning face and rather piteously put out two shabbily gloved hands, and lifted the hem of her dress to discover the boot that was quite unworthy of so shapely a foot. "I think I'd be anything, or do anything, rather than go to Arthur—like that!"

It was all wrong, of course—absurd and exaggerated, and a very unimportant matter perhaps to make an ado over, but Delia in using this argument was sure of a quickly sympathetic response in the older woman's mind.

To go to your husband before the honeymoon was so much as over with a dressmaker's or milliner's bill would have been in her honest eyes a humiliation not to be borne: how Queen Cophetua managed when she took the King, history telleth not, but if she had lived in the North a big yellow "kist" full of what a woman calls "things" would certainly have gone with her to the palace.

So it came about that Delia was forgiven and kissed and sent forth upon an expedition that fell scarcely short of the heroic in the eyes of those two foolish creatures; and Mrs. Shore, a martyr in her own little way, since she had an inveterate dread of trains and porters and ticket taking, and everything incident to railway travel, journeyed towards the farm. Great, therefore, was her joy when, as the train slowed at Harrow, she saw a beaming face peering through the window, and before she could cry out, Arthur, with a bang of the door, was shut in beside her.

But his face did not beam for more than a second, and it had already clouded darkly when he cried: "Where's Delia?" looking about him as if she might be concealed under the seat.

"She—wrote to you," said his mother weakly.

"The letters hadn't been delivered when I left. Do you mean to say she isn't coming?"

Then the confession had to be made that Delia was not indeed coming, since every minute was widening the distance between them; for though she was travelling too, it was not towards happiness and love.

She carried out her commission pretty well, as women will who have had a man child to "manage" all his days, and have thus a glimmering knowledge of the ins and outs of him; but it gave her a little pang to see how moody he was, and what an injured air he chose to wear. She could not guess (perhaps he did not know it himself) how greatly he had desired to see Delia, to feed afresh the fires of his devotion. Not that they were waning; he would have fiercely disallowed that, but only to make sureness sure that there was no one else so fair to see or so delightful to call one's own. And now—he felt the injustice of it hot in his blood—she was leaving him to follow some fad of her own, leaving him to descend upon any chance companionship that turned up.

Was it his fault that the manager, who would have been his natural companion, was always busy—at the busiest season of a farmer's life—and that there were only the women-folk at home for an idle semi-invalid to associate with?

But his compunction woke when he looked at his mother and saw how her placidity was troubled; he had been staring out of the window at the scudding fields and trees, but he came over and sat beside her and put an arm about her, and said that they two would see how well they could get on without Delia, the deserter, and wouldn't she just be punished when she heard how happy they had been?

"Daisy is waiting for us with the trap at the station," he said.

"Daisy?" his mother questioned, with a rather distant little inflection.

He laughed. "Oh, I've given up being ceremonious with her—you won't even begin, she's such a child. She's been looking forward immensely to your coming. She wanted to put an old broken-down crock between the shatts in case you'd be nervous, but I told her you were born in the age of stage-coaches, and only distrusted the ironhorse."

"I won't answer for my courage if you or she are going to drive. I'm old-fashioned enough to have no confidence except in accidents."

"We'll not let you get hurt, motherie!"

The "we" sounded very gay and confident, and Mrs. Shore was prepared to scrutinise with some gravity the aspect of the Co. in this unexpected partnership. But even an old lady as prejudiced as she against modern manners could find nothing amiss in the pretty bashfulness of Daisy's greeting. It had none of the flippancy you might have looked for in a young person who could run about the country with a strange young man, and let him call her by her Christian name. She was not even for shaking hands, so unexpected a grace that Mrs. Shore was won at once, and found herself addressing

the girl as "my dear" before the drive was half over.

"Is this all the luggage you've brought, mother?" Arthur asked, as he helped her into the dog-cart.

"I only brought the bag, in case of accident—you can never tell," she said hastily.

"No, you can never tell how a train will behave—you might have to sleep in the carriage all night, and it's as well to be prepared!"

"Of course," she assented gravely, but with a betraying twinkle.

"And naturally—if you are to be killed, you would like to be found wearing your best frills and tuckers!"

"Dear me, that's just to say you're a woman!" she said with a laugh.

Daisy looked at them wonderingly. They had forgotten her, and were quite taken up with each other. This was his mother: she didn't need to be told that—only mothers wore such soft black silks—and he had her eyes as if they had been purposely matched. But where was the other lady—the girl for whom such vast and wonderful preparations had been made at the farm? Daisy had been half jealous, half eagerly curious, as she helped to fill the yellow porringers, which Mr. Shore said were made on purpose to hold moon-daisies and be set against black oak panels. And the dinner—would she ever guess the enormous trouble it had cost to get it all the way from Wallford, or know that there was a new pin-cushion in her bedroom, and the patchwork quilt grannie had made out of print pieces when she was young?

"Isn't there— isn't there—another lady?" she asked timidly while Arthur was settling the dust-cover round his mother's knees.

"No," he said, his face darkening, "there is no other lady. We're going to take my mother up by Short's Hill that she may see the view from the top, and if there's time we'll take her through the Avenue, and show her what Hertford can do in the way of trees."

It was well, perhaps, that Daisy wore a big hat, so that the sudden radiant satisfaction in her face was hidden from the older lady.

For Daisy's disappointment in missing a chance of seeing the town fashions and copying the newest manners of her own age was quickly merged in the delightful recollection that now there would be nobody for Mr. Arthur to admire but herself!

Mrs. Shore made the comments and exclamations expected of her, while Arthur acted as showman, and Daisy sat unconsidered behind, though, being country bred, it was not natural to her to think of scenery as something to be looked at as one would look at a framed picture, and worship it for its colour scheme and skilful lights and shades. "Scenery" to her meant well-grown crops and well-fed beasts and tidy hedges, and everything that implied careful farming; and with that common point of view between them Mrs. Shore instantly felt herself on terms of comfortable intimacy with Grannie,

and not less so perhaps with the bashful manager who was caught shirt-sleeved in the kitchen before he had time to wriggle into his Sunday blacks.

So that Arthur was by-and-by to see her seated tranquilly in the afternoon shadow of the porch beside that pathetic old figure in the little grey shawl, the hands of both swift with the wires, the tongues of both going in unison as if they had stored memories and experiences in common. As perhaps they had, since God has made all good women and mothers after one pattern.

But first of all there was the dinner, and that mother and son had to themselves. Daisy, who had been so diligent with the preparations, had no share in the feast, and made so poor a pretence of dining in the kitchen that John Hardy—with a hard look in his eyes that had been growing there of late—asked her sharply if there was anything amiss.

"Have I said there's anything the matter?" she asked pettishly.

"You're eating nothing. Is there anything wrong with the meat?"

"I shouldn't think so, to judge by your plate," she said, with a little laugh.

"Dinna flyt on the lass," said Grannie, the peacemaker. "She maybe might be fancying an egg. It's fell hot weather, John, and that turns many a woman from butcher's meat. Put the wee skillet on the fire-cheek, my dawtie, and Sophia'll fetch you one fresh from the nest."

"Yes, Grannie," said Daisy, with a lump in her throat, for they were laughing in the oak room; you could hear them even with the long stone passage between, and they were never thinking even for a minute of the hours she had spent in making it fair.

Arthur, indeed, was very gay—a little too gay, maybe, as if to show that he missed nobody, not he, and had all along expected only one guest, though the table was set for two—and the flower that crowned that unused napkin, dexterously folded to resemble a cocked hat, cried out "Wear me" in vain.

"Now, mother, you're going to have some of this lamb; if you knew the stratagems and the wear and tear of boot leather and horse-flesh and temper required to secure it, you'd think a lot of it. The little mistress is a very absolute monarch, but even she can't coerce the butcher."

"The place belongs to that child, I hear?"

"She wouldn't leave you long in doubt of that. She reckons everything and everybody on it her special property."

"Isn't there anyone to wait?" she asked, as he rose to help her to vegetable—not perhaps without a private design to find out whether "the mistress" chose to play Phyllis to her guests. Mrs. Shore would have found no approval for such an arrangement.

"Well, 'waiting' would perhaps scarcely define Sophia's duties as she interprets them."

"Then I suppose this little Miss Daisy is too fine to work?"

"It's her business to rule, not to serve. But I make a good enough butler, don't I? What more do you want, you unconscionable woman?"

"I want to see you eat something yourself, my son," she said, with a relieved accent.

"Oh, I do grandly. Don't you notice how fat I've grown?"

"I'll have a good report to send to Delia."

"She ought to have been here to see for herself," he said pettishly. "She would have come if she had cared. Why does she fly after that strange woman, as if—she put her first?"

"Oh, you men! You always think we're unreasonable if we don't do just what you expect of us. You can never understand. You think we're blown about here and there by every caprice, as if anybody would *choose* to go touring about with a wild woman. But what does it matter about Delia's reasons so long as you know you can trust her? Oh, my son, don't let in even the beginnings of doubt. I've seen so many marriages wrecked just for want of a little faith. You would break her heart if you mistrusted her—and—I think you would break mine if—if—"

"Why should you think I doubt her?" he asked irritably. "And that talk of breaking your heart—or hers—it's not like you, mother."

"No, my dear," she said, with a laugh that was half a sigh, "I don't know what's come over me. We seem to have fallen into a wrong key, somehow, and it's too bad, when you have taken such a great deal of trouble and everything is so nice. I don't think I've tasted such delicious bread and butter since I became a Londoner. And you must let me pronounce on the cress, here in its very own country. How fresh it is!"

"You must come and take a look at the beds—they're worth seeing," he said, trying to speak good-temperedly, "and by-and-by I'll take you for a row on the canal. You've no idea how pretty it is."

He did not tell her how he had gone with Daisy on the "Nancy," that slow pilgrimage between briar-scented hedges and great spreading meadows where the red cattle feed knee-deep in buttercups and daisies, past scattered hamlets and smoky little towns; but indeed he was not thinking of that leisured progress that had consumed some hours of a summer day and yet had seemed to spread itself into weeks—he was thinking rather with an ever-recurring bitterness of how Delia was to have gone with him to see the water-mill before which all the young artists pitch their tents. They cannot make it live on canvas as it lives for happy lovers to discover—the quaint mill and the mill-house rich in tones of red and brown; the white spray flying from the wheel, and the great beeches dipping their branches downwards to the still pool beyond all this fuss and worry.

There was only the mother to go with him when the sun, slanting bedwards, gave hope that a little cool wind might ruffle the water's

face. When he saw her seated with Grannie under the porch, he wondered if that was what she had come down from town for—just to talk to the old Scotchwoman, not knowing that within the last hour she had indeed planned, and even manoeuvred, for nothing else.

She nodded and waved her hand to him when she saw him presently join Daisy, who sat under the shadow of the great walnut-tree with a pretence of sewing in her hand. Daisy never looked so pretty as when her eyes were cast down, showing the long dark lashes on the apple-blossom cheek, and perhaps she knew it while she trifled with her bit of work; and Arthur, heartsore as he was, was not insensible to her prettiness and her gentleness, for it was her mood to be demure and quiet, so that Mr. Arthur's mother might see how sensible she was.

Grannie, who had lived a life of mental repression since she pitched her tent in England, having no latchkey to unlock the southern mind ("and toom ye would find it gin ye could win in," she would say sarcastically), felt with quick intuition that in this north-country lady she had a sympathetic listener, one who, if not exactly on the right side of the Border, was "sib" at least to the folk who were so privileged. So in fuller measure than she had dealt to Arthur she spoke out her simple hopes and plans for the lassie and the lad she must so soon leave without her hand to guide them. Mrs. Shore listened, and her face recovered its placidity. Her judgment told her how altogether desirable, and appropriate, and fitting this marriage would be. Husband and wife should not be cut out of the same bit of stuff, Grannie was saying, and indeed this sweet gay little maid should have a nature stronger than her own to lean her weakness on. She was even led in the kindness of her heart to speculate upon what would be the fittest wedding present, hesitating between linen and silver, telling herself how right it would be that she should show gratitude to those who had been good to her boy.

The little scene under the walnut-tree was altogether pretty and pastoral and Arcadian now, though she called it none of these things, and she could watch it without any disturbing doubts. The young people, indeed, did nothing to displease the severest duenna. Arthur had a book, from which he sometimes read by fits and starts: sometimes dropping it to talk; and Daisy was quite content that he should not be wholly absorbed, but compelled, as it were, sometimes to look at her, and perhaps to notice that she had done her hair in a new way and wore a fresh ribbon.

It was no little part of her triumph that he had never once said he missed the other girl, or was disappointed that she had not come. Daisy knew quite well that he purposed marriage with this girl some day—just as, possibly, in some imaginably distant time when she was tired of everything else, she

might condescend to be a little kind to Cousin John; but it was enough for her childish vanity now that Mr. Arthur chose to sit beside her even on the very first day of his mother's visit. It made up for the pangs she had felt when she heard him laughing in the oak parlour while John was storming at her in the kitchen.

And it filled her little cup of self-satisfaction to the brim when Mrs. Shore herself asked her

to join the expedition on the water. She ran for the cushions and shawls and helped to place them in the stern, but she modestly insisted on sitting in the bow, to balance the boat better, perhaps a little diffident of the part she might have to sustain if she were side by side with the London lady. That good lady, indeed, did not fall into any poetic raptures, inability to gush being one of Nature's gifts to her. She had no bigger word than "pretty" alike for the water-lilies asleep on their broad leaves, and the softened mystery of the twilight, but her benevolence was stirred on behalf of the "compleat anglers" whom they sped past and left behind upon the bank to their patient industry; and she was warmly convinced that not for all the fish in the world was it worth catching your death of cold by sitting on the grass while the dew was falling.

"You would like to distribute a shawl to each of them, wouldn't you, mother?" Arthur teased. "You could spare one or two!"

"They might think of their *own* mothers," she said severely.

"That's asking too much of a true Waltonian. His art comes even before his mother!"

"Oh yes, until he has caught his cold—it's almost all he'll catch." She looked severely at the slackened lines inert on the dim water. "Then she'll be useful enough with the poultices, and the nursing, and the sympathy he'll expect of her!"

Even the mill fell a little flat, striking no particular spark from her eminently practical mind; she was quite sure the house must be saturated with damp; "dear-deared" con-

cernedly when Daisy told her that there was a big family of children within those picturesque walls—you seemed to read their early doom in her pursed-up mouth and shaken head.

"Mother," said Arthur, "you're growing dangerous. You'll be joining the Philistines next, who are banded together to destroy the last poor remains of the picturesque wherever it's to be found. I'll take you home."

"I think it is time, dear; it is growing a



UNDER THE WALNUT-TREE.

little chilly. I hope you don't often come out so late as this without a comforter to put round your throat!"

"I'm a very Incomplete Angler," he said with a laugh. "Daisy will tell you the fish flout at my best attempts. So you see I can afford to put my mother first."

But she did not tell him until a day or two later, when he was in the train with her taking

care of her on the way home, what plans she had been secretly forming for Daisy's pleasure.

"I've invited her to pay me a little visit," she said. "She is quite eager to see London. Of course it is the dull time, but she won't mind that, and I'm not a fashionable person anyway, even if it were the season. She has a rather quiet time of it here, and her grandmother says she doesn't take readily to the little society she might have."

"Well, from what I've seen of Sorley Green's company manners, I shouldn't call them alluring."

"So that I'm not afraid to entertain her. Bless me, a child like that finds the outside and inside of the shops fascination enough when she has a little fund to spend, and there are the usual things the country cousin is taken to see."

"And what's to become of *me*, if you rob me of my little companion? I'll have to make up to the grumpy John."

"You couldn't do better. I like that man. He is a very honest, good fellow, I'm sure, and I mean to let little Miss Daisy see how much I think of him!"

CHAPTER XI.

NOBODY, certainly not Arthur Shore, knew how hard it was for Delia to go away alone upon a mission that took the name of duty, rather than on that delightful holiday to the farm.

She was packing the same handbag she would have taken with her there, only with what different feelings! The fresh new blouse—Arthur's favourite pale blue—would be lost upon a mere secretary, and the fat bundle of careful notes she was carrying to her employer would not adjust themselves comfortably anywhere.

And she was doing it all against time, with her eye upon the clock and half a hundred odds and ends to set straight before she caught the last possible omnibus that fitted her train—the 10.30 from St. Pancras. A cab would make too big an inroad upon the finances she was hoarding.

She had said good-bye to her uncle when she took his breakfast tray to him. He had not seemed to understand the evening before when she told him she was going away for a little; but this morning, when she essayed to explain once more, she saw that it was indifference that made him go on writing with hardly a pause or a moment's glance at her.

"I hope you'll—be pretty comfortable, Uncle George."

She had thought that perhaps she might say to him: "I wonder if you'll miss me—a little," but when it came to the time she couldn't. "I have spoken to Mrs. Robertson about having your meals served punctually, and you will remember to eat them, won't you?"

A grunt was all the reply vouchsafed.

"This address"—she laid a little piece of

paper on the desk in front of him—"will find me at any time, and if you should want me, and will telegraph—"

He gave the paper a peevish push with his pen, and she knew that before the day was over it would be engulfed among the piled-up notes and memoranda heaped round him, and lost to view for ever. But it did not matter, since she could leave a copy with the landlady.

"It's rather a dark morning; if you could stand out of the light," he said fretfully.

"Yes, I'm going. Good-bye, Uncle."

"Good-bye," he answered ungraciously. For one moment his dim eyes were lifted, and when they lighted on her standing there in her little tweed cape and summer hat it seemed to break on him that something unusual was happening. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but no words came, and in another second the filmy inward look came back to his eyes, and his hand was nervously fumbling with his papers. He had only got the length of realising that she was saying something disturbing; his soul was full of opposition and determination not to be disturbed.

"Poor Uncle George!" said Delia, under her breath. She stooped—he was far too deeply absorbed again to notice the action—and kissed his shabby coat at the back, just under the worn velvet collar, with the same sort of pitying kindness she had lavished on a battered wooden doll in her childhood.

She picked up the breakfast tray and left him. It was nothing new, of course, but it seemed worse to-day somehow, to go away and to know that he neither noticed nor cared.

While she was troubling herself a happy thought came to her. She would leave her address with Miss Prance, that would be far better than to burden the over-busy landlady.

Miss Prance was a spinster who had the whole glory of the drawing-room floor to herself—the front room and the one behind the folding-doors, which was her bedroom. She was a cheerful, practical woman of that age which is called "uncertain" by polite people, and Delia had often been glad of a neighbour who would nod and smile when you met her on the stair. Mrs. Robertson never smiled, and always looked at you as if you were behind with the rent.

Nobody quite knew how Miss Prance lived. She had a mysterious occupation that took her out for certain hours every morning, but she appeared to be in fairly easy circumstances, and her room had some little embellishments of her own choosing. Delia found her breakfasting on a bloater that had left its fragrance upon the stair. When she had explained her errand, Miss Prance was cordially ready to give the desired help.

"I'll do more than send for you," she said. "I'll *not* send for you if it can be helped. We'll see if it can't be managed so that the old gentleman gets on without missing you. I'm sure you want a change"—she gave Delia's

journey the air of a pleasure trip by the smile she bestowed on it—"and it would be a shame to call you back."

"Oh, please, but if Uncle wants me—"

"To be sure, if he wants you! But it's my notion that if he gets the attention he's been used to, he'll never notice whether you're there or not. That's what a woman has to find out. She begins with thinking a man's fond of *her*, when he's only fond of the comfort and ease she can give him."

"I don't think that's true," said Delia, in instant revolt; "at least, it isn't true of all men."

"Well, it was true of my father, and of my brother James, and if you ask my brother Thomas's wife I think she would say the same. It doesn't matter when you understand, and it's something to be useful. Now, you go away with an easy mind. I'll see that your uncle gets his food hot and comfortable, and if it's in the power of woman to make him eat it, he'll not go fasting. And if a little touch of the duster would be any comfort—"

"I'm afraid—Uncle is so particular. He doesn't like his papers disarranged," stammered Delia, feeling that she was being helped a little too vigorously.

"Oh well," said Miss Prance, quite ready to acquiesce, "I don't mind a little dust myself, and if anybody else is likely to be offended by it you can always pull down the blinds!"

Delia gave a little laugh that somehow ended in a sigh.

"I think the world wants all the sunshine it can get, even if it does show up the ugly things. But I'm afraid you'll have to let Uncle George be dusty till I come back. He'll like that best."

"I hope Uncle won't mind," said Delia to herself as she was being bumped and rattled on her way to St. Pancras. But it was no good worrying about it. She was not one to pile Pelion upon Ossa, and make a big mountain out of the molehills she met on her path. "There seem to be a good many Mr. Prances in the world," thought Delia; "men whom you may learn to conciliate, but can never get at. They place so many intangible obstacles between you and them." Then she smiled, and her face brightened at the remembrance that there was one man who would never entrench himself behind impassable fortifications—and her wonders and surmises travelled off towards the farm. Had the mummie got there? what were they doing? what were they saying? And oh, would they miss her a little?

When she arrived at the station, and as she was taking the money out of her glove to pay the fare, a little gentleman stepped forward and lifted his hat. She started apprehensively, calling to mind the adventures that are said to befall young women who roam the world alone, and feeling herself quite unable to cope with them in the proper spirit. Then relief over-spread her face.

"Colonel Simpson!" she cried. "Oh, how

nice of you! Did you really and truly come to see me off?"

"Margaret Shore mentioned your train," he said, possessing himself of her bag, and though she was taller than he, she felt an instant sense of comfort and protection in his presence.

"You've got the vicious habit of being a little too punctual, I see," he said, glancing at the big station clock. "Twenty minutes till your train starts."

Delia laughed. "I can never get over the idea that the train will take an unfair advantage when I make up my mind to a journey, and go off before its advertised time! See what an untravelled person I am!"

"I'll get your ticket. How do you go?"

"Third class, please."

"If you've a mind to be alone, you could best accomplish your purpose by getting into a carriage labelled 'ladies only,'" said the Colonel, with his dry twinkle; "if a long course of observation has not deceived me, you're pretty safe to be the 'only lady.'"

"I'm not so out of love with my own company that it will bore me for an hour or two," she said brightly, "especially if you supply me with all those papers. No, no more, please! You haven't told me how Mrs. Simpson is. I hope you and she enjoyed your stay at the Hopeton Grange's place?"

"My wife has discovered that visiting does not agree with her," said the Colonel, in his colourless voice. "She found it out at the end of the third week, an hour or two after we got back to our own house. She tells me it is responsible for some quite new symptoms."

Delia glanced at the little man sideways, mirth and compassion struggling in her face.

"If they don't yield to her dressmaker's treatment, we shall have to call in one of the few remaining specialists who have not had the privilege of prescribing for her. We're getting on," he remarked with cheerfulness; "the 'leet,' as we say in the North, is rapidly shortening. We shall very soon have gone the round, and I dare say it will be a little while before the new crop springing up has grown venerable enough to be consulted."

"Perhaps by that time Mrs. Simpson will have grown independent of doctors," said Delia brightly, but with no inward conviction that this would be so.

There were yet five minutes to spare, and she lingered on the platform.

"Shall you be going down to the farm?" she asked shyly.

"Not unless you've any special commission."

She blushed with charming embarrassment. "I shall be hearing from—Mrs. Shore," she stammered.

"And presently—when you get back, you'll be running down there yourself." He dropped the remark between two injunctions—to make sure she changed at the right station, and on no account to sit with both windows open. As the train steamed out of the station, she saw him, natty and precise, with his little cane

tucked under his arm and his tall hat set jauntily, standing immovable as if he were in command of the train, and it was his duty to see it go properly through its evolutions.

She waved him a farewell, and sank back in her corner with a laugh that somehow ended in a catch of her breath.

"How kind he is in his own odd way, and how cheerless it would have been to see yourself off upon this independent adventure, Delia Musgrove! The Colonel had evidently a poor opinion of your ability to look after yourself. What is this?—sandwiches and grapes, and actually a little flask of claret neatly concealed under the 'Queen,' like a good deed that blushes to be discovered."

Then she fell to wondering whether he had meant anything; whether his phrase, "You'll be running down there for yourself," was more than a mere conventional rejoinder. Did he disapprove of her decision to put work before play? before—love? Delia allowed the suggestion to disturb her only vaguely.

The rehearsal of her own motives reassured her. She could feel and share the pain of Arthur's disappointment, but she was too young and ignorant, too healthily minded, perhaps, to understand how the leading forces of his character made his love—the more because it clung—an exacting thing, easily responsive, but as easily wounded. His sensitive vanity saw in her work a rival whom she willingly encouraged; his pride was mortified that she could make an interest for herself outside his circle of desires. She hazarded more than she knew—far more than she could dream, when she pleaded for leave to go her own way until the day came when she could join hands with him and go his.

Her young philosophy, as it chanced, was not to be put to any severe test, though it received a little shock when she alighted at her destination to find no one awaiting her. It amused her later to hear that Miss Bramston had never so much as conceived the necessity of meeting her. She even commended Delia's prudence in taking an omnibus, though later, in the cool of the evening, noticing that the girl was tired and unsettled, she herself ordered an open carriage and took her into the country where, in a mile or two, the depression of smoke and noise of machinery were left behind, as if they had never existed.

From time to time as the carriage swung along Delia stole a glance at her companion. That she was of mature age was frankly unconcealed, but it would be impossible to pronounce her old, since her smile, the shrewd, bright glance of her eye, the pith, sagacity, and intelligence of every lineament contradicted the faded hair, the sharp contour of cheek and chin.

Delia's investigations went a little further. She approved of her employer's dress—plain, but well made and handsome from bonnet to boots. Here was nothing for Mrs. Shore to cavil at; all was as she herself would have chosen—unobtrusive, excellent.

Her inquisitorial glances had, all unguessed by herself, been returned. Miss Bramston had too wide an experience of girlhood to misread the signs of anxiety in the young and pretty face at her side, but the time to invite confidence was not yet. She spoke mainly of the work that lay before them; with all she said Delia found herself in cordial agreement.

"What is your plan? How do you begin?" she asked eagerly.

"My plan? Tell me what idea you have formed of it yourself."

"I don't know," said Delia shyly; "I thought perhaps you would try to make women discontented with their position, would encourage them to vie with men, to be doctors, lawyers, journalists—"

"With all my heart, if they have it in them," said Miss Bramston, with her hearty smile. "I would have every woman aspire to the utmost of her capabilities; but she must lay the foundations before she can be useful or eminent in any capacity, and the training for the larger life is the same as for the humbler."

"And that is—"

"Thoroughness," said Miss Bramston concisely, "and once more, and yet once more, thoroughness."

"But it is such an eager, breathless, pushing, hurrying age."

"Yes, that is always the way when an individual or a nation awakes from inert sleep. Every new movement suffers from an indiscreet haste to reach the goal, and I think it is just this rush, this push, this determination to make up for lost time by seizing more than our hands can hold that has brought discredit on women's efforts to improve their position. Now that the first ferment is over, we are wise if we go back on our steps and see that we have missed nothing by the way. There must be no dropped stitches in good workmanship."

"And that is your ambition—"

"Nothing more nor less than to make the women and girls who gather round me dissatisfied because they cannot cook a chop to perfection, or get a finer gloss on a shirt, or understand the reason for a bad smell and trace it to its source. And I don't want you to think this humble work if you are to share it with me. I want you to see that it is the very highest. For if every woman who lives in a single room in a crowded tenement, or shares a labourer's cottage with half a dozen children, were to take up her work with trained intelligence, think of the splendid revolution there would be in the land! Well-made clothes and well-cooked food have a far greater effect than one dreams upon one's self-respect, and therefore upon one's morals and manners."

"It is splendid work!" said Delia, kindling; "I am ashamed that I should ever have fancied it not worth while."

"It is very old work. We have all talked of it, seen the need of it, these many years, and some of us have given it up because it is too elementary and simple, and some because it is

too immense and too difficult. After to-day, you and I will talk no more: we will try and do. The clever who would succeed in any rank of life can always find a way of helping themselves to the front, but there are so many many more who need a little encouragement, a hand held out to guide!"

On the following day the campaign began in earnest, and Delia found her hands full, since Miss Bramston's many schemes gave her much to do in the way of writing. In the evening she had her first opportunity of hearing Miss Bramston address an audience composed mainly of women and girls who were engaged by day in the mills and factories of the busy town.

It was less a set address than a friendly talk, her capable hand ready to illustrate the instruction given. The girls had the roughness, the quick readiness of their class; all the woful ignorance, too, of the arts we are wont to call womanly. But Miss Bramston had the intuitive sympathy that is the teacher's best ally. She had never earned a penny of the handsome income she possessed. Yet she knew what thoughts were harboured in those rough heads, what better feelings existed in the hearts beating under those little tartan shawls, and she was their interpreter. A magnetic gift was hers; she did not stoop, she drew others to her own level.

It was a task that needed much patience, much silent and hopeful waiting for results, but there were many cheering signs that it was not labour spent in vain. Delia found that Miss Bramston did not content herself with lecturing in schoolroom or institute: where she knew herself welcome, she visited her audience in their homes, listened to their difficulties, sympathised with their trials, counselled sagely, gave liberally. Day by day she learned how much without any loud proclamation of rights a wise woman may do to elevate her sex.

Nothing, indeed, at this crisis could be more wholesome for Delia than this glimpse of a world busied with something other than the mere complications of passion. Not that love was missing: it manifested itself deep and abiding, in resting-places where one little looked for it. But that there was so much else in the drama spread before her—so much that was comical, natural, humorous, pathetic, tragic, opening on every side new doors to sympathy. It was good for her to be taken out of herself, with a task that was absorbing and compulsory to fill head and hands, for her own vision of happiness had lost its secure outline.

Though her first visit in every new town was to the post-office, she was seldom rewarded by finding a letter from Arthur. Perhaps he caught at the excuse of her own irregularity in writing to skip a day or two now and then. "Men do so hate the trouble of letters," she said to herself wistfully. When one did come, could it be her fancy that it was a little less tender?

"It is my fancy," she said passionately. "I am tired, and everything looks black."

Once or twice there was a reassuring scrawl from Miss Prance which pursued Delia from town to village, and was quite a mosaic of post-marks. One day she found a letter from Mrs. Shore, which had gone upon an erratic little journey of its own and was a week old when it fell into her hands. It was dated from Pont Street.

"I am here in charge of Bessie," it said, "or perhaps I should say of the Colonel. He looked so worried, poor man, that when he came to fetch me I couldn't refuse to go with him. Aunt Bessie's symptoms are not serious, but she really is rather run down. She has taken a fancy to consult a lady doctor, and I think, though I am not quite sure, that it is my mission to combat that idea—that, at least, is what poor Thomas impresses on me. I needn't tell you on which side my sympathies lie, and if I weren't only a very stupid bewildered old woman I should long ago have thought of something clever and convincing to divert Bessie's thoughts. But, dear me, my bright ideas are like lost luggage—they never turn up in time to be of any use. Well, here I am, instead of in my own house entertaining a guest. When I was at the farm I asked the little mistress of it to pay me a visit. I would have tried not to make it too dull for her, and she would have been a bright companion for me, deserted as I am by my son and daughter; but of course I have had to put her off. Thomas dares me to budge; and Bessie—well, she thinks I can make beef-tea better than other people. Perhaps it is all for the best, for when you come home again this little thing will like to have some one young like herself to go about with. Tell me what you are doing, my dear."

Somehow this passage in a letter which was full of other things—of Arthur and his doings and sayings notably—displeased Delia. That little thing, indeed, dragging the mummie about! Oh, it ought not to be allowed!

"Any bad news?" asked Miss Bramston, noticing Delia's preoccupied face as she altered the teacups. "My dear, I hope there is nothing disturbing in your letter?"

"No," said Delia dubiously, poking with her spoon in the bottom of her cup. She had a sick rush of desire to be home again in London; she ought never to have left it. For a moment she could not trust herself to speak in case she should say—

"Do you mind if I leave you? I cannot stay here any longer."

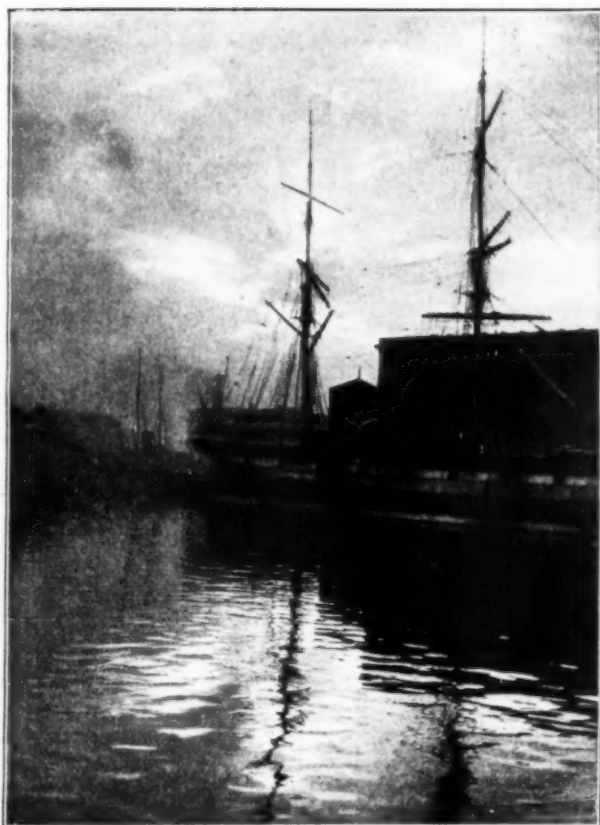
But when she did look up she had conquered herself. The letter was thrust in her pocket.

"I think I want something to do," she said bravely, rallying her cheerfulness. "Something unpleasant and useful. As the most disagreeable thing I know is keeping accounts, I'll tackle our last week's bills."

Miss Bramston nodded acquiescence, but she held her peace. She was wise in knowing how to bide her time.

THE PORT OF LONDON.

VI.



EVENING IN A LONDON DOCK.

THE history of the Port of London concerns itself to a large extent with the proceedings of the foreigners to whom our commerce has always owed more than our national vanity is willing to admit. The storm regarding things made in Germany seems to have quieted down somewhat, probably since it was discovered that a good many of our goods had been made in Germany for many more years than the reader of newspapers only had been led to believe. But it was no new cry; it was a cry which had been heard in London ever since the Norman Conquest, and often with quite as much reason. There is no question that during many reigns the foreign trade of London was mostly in the hands of the Germans. In their hands it rose from insignificance to importance, and for generations it was directed from their house of the Steelyard down by Dowgate Hill.

The Merchants of the Steelyard were a curious community. They were practically monks who traded instead of prayed. Their sleeping quarters in the great building were so many separate cells communicating with the hall in which they had their meals in common. They were celibates; none of them was allowed to marry or even to talk to a woman. Their business intercourse was entirely with men, and was confined within the limits of London. The gates of the Steelyard were opened and shut at certain hours during the daylight, and during the daylight all the business had to be done by the few who went about as town travellers. Before the sun set they all had to be home again, and all strangers had to leave the building, so that when the gates were closed the brethren were all present and alone among themselves.

They were governed by a master, two assessors, and nine councilmen, who were chosen annually on New Year's Eve, the twelve being installed in office on the following day with some ceremony, every man of them being sworn to keep and uphold the privileges of the fraternity, and to deal justly with everyone, high or low, rich or poor. That they did so deal for centuries is probably true, notwithstanding the clamours against them. They left in our language one word which has never lost its good meaning. They were the Easterlings of the easterling money, whose quality was so undisputed that the adjective in its modern form of "sterling" is applied to our money still, and has been a synonym for genuine ever since the days of Elizabeth.

They were all Germans, most of those in London being natives of Cologne; and they all gained their admission to the fraternity through a laborious initiation, working their way up through the different grades until sufficiently advanced to be sent abroad to serve only for so many years, and then to return to their native place to end their days in honour. A strange fraternity, who held the dominant position in the Port of London for at least four hundred years, though they never attained amongst us the political power they wielded in Scandinavia, where they came to control the election of kings and even to depose them.

We hear of them in the Thames before the Conquest, coming in Ethelred's time with many ships to Billingsgate, and paying for their privileges with five pairs of gloves, ten pounds of pepper, two vessels of vinegar, two grey cloths and a brown one presented regularly at Christmas and Easter. From the thirteenth century onwards they had almost a monopoly of the foreign shipping trade. But the discovery of America, of the sea route to India, and Chancellor's opening up of Russia by way of the White Sea, did much to lessen their importance, and in 1597, when their influence had become hurtful to the country's commercial progress, Elizabeth banished them not only from the Thames, but from all their other establishments in England. By order of the Privy Council, in the following January, the Lord Mayor prepared their great house "for the better bestowing and safe custodie of divers provisions of the Navy." And it was used for that purpose for many years. In August 1863 it came to the usual fate as old building materials and was pulled down to make way for the South Eastern Railway, so that, as Martin says, "the steam engines now run shrieking day and night over the spot on which the foreign commerce of England centred for a dozen generations."

The trade of London received its first great impetus in the reign of Henry II, whose marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine gave him western France with its wine districts, and made its inhabitants fellow-subjects with Englishmen, to the great encouragement of their commercial intercourse.

How greatly the trade has changed since then may be gathered from its list of imports—wine, silks, spices, frankincense, palm oil, gems, furs—its exports being wool, cattle, hides, cheese, and butter, for England then grew all its necessities and only imported luxuries. In Richard I's time we had even begun to export corn, but a stop was put to that in 1194, "lest England might suffer from the want of its own abundance."

In Henry III's reign came the first regulations for the unloading of goods in the river, the corn from the Cinque Ports being landed at Queenhithe, as was also all the fish, and it was there and not at Billingsgate that the first fish-market was held. In the same reign we have the first mention of landing and wharfage dues, the foreign merchants having agreed in 1236 to pay the mayor and citizens fifty marks a year for the privilege of landing and storing the woad imported by them for dyeing purposes. Ten years afterwards the city took over Queenhithe from Richard Duke of Cornwall at a rent of fifty pounds, and for a long time it was the main wharf of London.

The first vessel of the port of which we have as yet any knowledge was the *Little Edward*, which in 1315 was lying aground at low water near Margate, when she was attacked and seized

by the French and taken to Calais on the pretence that she was Flemish property. She is described as "a vessel belonging to the Port of London, owned and commanded by John Brand, citizen and merchant of London, laden with a cargo of wool from London to Antwerp owned by three merchants of the Hanse, who had lived in England in the enjoyment of the ancient privileges granted by preceding kings." This is the first case on record of a national dispute respecting the seizure of a neutral vessel laden with a cargo belonging to a belligerent, and is also the first occasion of the Easterlings being designated merchants of the Hanse. It also shows that in the days of Edward II one at least of the London citizens was engaged in the carrying trade. The *Little Edward* was valued at £40, and her cargo consisted of 120 sarplars or half-sacks of wool, worth £10 apiece. The same year another vessel was captured by the French in the Downs. She was a Genoese "dromund," laden with corn, oil, honey, and other provisions for London, and was valued with her cargo at £5,716 12s.; a large amount, made all the larger perhaps by its being a year of famine owing to a failure of the harvest.

In the next reign the complaints of the Londoners against the German merchants became very loud, and as Edward III, abandoning the practice of his predecessors in borrowing money from the clergy, had begun borrowing from the citizens, the growth of trade was much hindered by the fluctuations of his commercial policy, due to his endeavours to favour his money-lenders when they were complainant and bring pressure to bear on them when they tightened their purse-strings. Bad as Edward III was, his successor was worse, and for less reason. His loans became so frequent that the citizens would let him have no more, whereupon he seized their charter, and they, in turn, invited Henry of Lancaster to London, and gave their powerful assistance in effecting Richard's downfall.

Naturally Henry IV took the side of his friends against the Germans, and did nothing to discourage the agitation against them. Under him the free traders, who had been growing slowly in importance for many years, first became strong enough to be serious competitors with the brethren of the Steelyard. Richard III was another king who owed his throne mainly to the Londoners, and he also did not forget his friends during his short reign, for of his fifteen Acts of Parliament no less than seven were for the regulation of commerce and manufactures in the true Protectionist spirit. The foreigners, however, continued to thrive, and under Henry VIII, in 1518, came the riot known as "Evil May Day," in which the complaints of the rioters have such a familiar ring about them that they seem to have been extracted from last Saturday's paper. For instance:

"There were such numbers of foreigners employed as artificers that the English could

get no work; that the merchant strangers brought in all silk, cloths of gold, wine, iron, etc., and that no man, almost, buyeth of an Englishman; that they also export so much wool, tin, and lead, that English adventurers can have no living; that they compass round the city in Southwark, Westminster, Temple Bar, Holborn, St. Martin's (le Grand), St. John's Street, Aldgate, Tower Hill, and St. Katharine's; that they forestall the market, so that no good thing cometh to the market, which are the causes that Englishmen want and starve whilst foreigners live in abundance and plenty; that the Dutchmen (that is, the Germans) bring over iron, timber, and leather, ready manufactured, and nails, locks, baskets, cupboards, stools, tables, chests, girdles, saddles, and printed cloths!" This was 372 years ago, and yet we have survived.

A year or two later the list of imports was swollen by carrots, turnips, cabbages, and salads from Holland and Flanders—the opening of the cross-Channel vegetable trade. Then came a ray of comfort in the arrival of seeds and specimens of these culinary acquisitions for planting purposes, together with gardeners to cultivate them, followed by a crowd of apricots, melons, gooseberries, currants, and garden roots for homegrowth; and last, but not least, the cherry-trees from Flanders which were planted in Kent in 1540.

Twelve years afterwards the Londoners gained a great victory. They appealed to the Privy Council, and showed that the whole trade of the Steelyard people was being carried on in foreign vessels, to the great detriment of our marine, whereupon the King, Edward VI, annulled the exclusive privileges of the Germans, and the English merchants at once ran them out of the Flemish trade, taking over 40,000 cloths to Flanders in that very year, and bringing back not only the carrots and cabbages, but in every other respect the same sort of cargo as was objected to before the trade changed hands.

People are so accustomed to fancy that the existing is the perennial, that some may be surprised to know that London shopkeepers had a beginning, and that their beginning was in the reign of Edward VI. Till then the retail business had been carried on in fairs and markets, and not at the dwelling-houses of the traders; but about 1550, within the three years before and after, shops began to be opened all along the line of Ludgate, Fleet Street, and the Strand. Another event of this reign more to our purpose was the founding in 1553 of the Russia Company, the first English company of shareholders for trading purposes, which soon began to bring increased business to the port, though not quite in the way intended by its projectors.

The establishment of this company, as of the others that followed it, was a great thing for London's progress; but the greatest was that which happened in Mary's reign, and is usually bemoaned as a calamity—namely, the

loss of Calais. Calais was the "staple" port for English trade with the Continent; there our exports in our own ships had to be transferred to foreign vessels for carriage to the places where they were required; but with the loss of Calais, London became the headquarters of a direct export trade without any half-way house of transshipment. For a time Antwerp had been rising in importance, but its chance was ruined by its capture by the Spaniards in 1585, which drove its leading merchants to London to instigate the banishment of the Germans which occurred twelve years afterwards.

The Rise of English Shipping.

By the defeat of their Armada the Spaniards lost the command of the sea, and thus English trading vessels ran less danger on long voyages. The founding of the East India Company was another aid to London's greatness; and the calling home of the ships of war by James I, and their employment in colonising expeditions, was the beginning of a further increase of prosperity that was not at first apparent. In 1613 the outward customs of the kingdom yielded £87,000, of which London was responsible for £61,000; and the inward customs yielded £61,000, of which London paid £48,000. Note that the export duties realised more than the import duties; but also note that the exports of all England were only worth £2,090,000, while the imports were £2,141,000; that is, the balance of trade was against us in the days of James I.

There was no increase in trade or comfort under Charles I. His policy was one continual worry. The best thing he did for his country's good was to help himself to the money deposited by the citizens for safety in the Tower. That dishonest proceeding in 1638 had two results; it turned the Londoners against him, which eventually brought his reign to a close, and it led to the establishment of banking in the city.

London suffered much from loss of trade during the Civil War; and Amsterdam rose at her expense. There is little difficulty in accounting for the rise and decline of Holland. She flourished, so long as she was at peace with herself, while neighbouring countries were at war; and she decayed as soon as she herself went to war, as she had no produce or manufactures, and had to tax her commerce, thus driving away her capitalists, who left her, like the Hopes of Amsterdam, to do business in other countries. For a few years her advance was seriously threatened, a heavy blow being dealt her by the Rump Parliament in passing the Navigation Act, prohibiting any merchandise being imported from Asia, Africa, or America, except in English-built ships. The result of this was Cromwell's war of 1652, in which England captured 700 Dutch merchantmen, and for a time brought the trade back to the Thames; to be lost again under Charles II, who, following his father's example, seized upon

the Londoners' money deposited in the Exchequer, thus losing the goodwill of the city and preparing the way for the coming of William III, when London began to thrive again. At the close of this reign, in 1702, London had 360 ships, with a gross tonnage of 84,882, manned by 10,000 men; Bristol coming next with 165 ships of a tonnage of 17,338, and Yarmouth coming third with 143 of much smaller average tonnage. Altogether the mercantile fleet of England consisted of 3,281 vessels, totalling up to 261,222 tons. Since then the ships have increased three-fold and their tonnage forty-eight fold.

Under Queen Anne and George I the London shipping trade went ahead, as might have been expected in that age of speculation. Among other causes of its advance was the establishment of the South Sea Company, whose history is so persistently misrepresented.¹ In 1715 they launched their first ship, the *Royal Prince*, named after the Prince of Wales (George II), who was magnificently entertained on board, but they did not get into full work till the war was over. Then—but let us quote from Charles Capper, to whose valuable book we owe so much—“Peace being established in 1721, the South Sea Company sent out a rich ship to trade with the Spanish settlements at Porto Bello and Carthagena, and in 1723 they sent another ship, with a rich freight, to trade at Vera Cruz. In 1725, stimulated by the success of the Dutch in the Greenland whale fishery, the same company commenced sending ships to fish for whales. This trade they carried on for eight years (until 1732), when, finding there had been considerable losses, they were obliged to lay it aside. . . . The East India Company in the spring of this year (1730) sailed seventeen ships from India to the Thames, but they did not arrive until late in the year. The South Sea Company's great ship *Prince Frederick* returned to the Thames from Vera Cruz this year with a lading of 400,000 dollars or Spanish pieces of eight, in specie, 190,000 lb. of cochineal, 47,000 lb. of indigo, and 170 tons of logwood. The cargo was valued altogether at £350,000 sterling. Our colonial trade with America and the West Indies had also begun about this time to be large. The total value of the imports of England this year was £7,780,019, the exports £8,548,982.”

Apart from the occasional depressions due to war, the commerce of the country made more progress under George II than at any period up to the time of Victoria. In 1760 the Port of London possessed nearly 2,000 vessels, our

total imports being over ten millions and our exports over fifteen millions. With many vicissitudes we prospered during the long reign of George III; and in 1800, when the old state of affairs ended and the dock era began, our imports were thirty millions, our exports forty-three millions, and London carried a third of the trade of the empire.

The limits of the Port of London were first defined in 1665, and legally they still are, as then, from the North Foreland and The Naze to London

The Dock Period.



IN THE SOUTH-WEST INDIA DOCK.

Bridge; but the jurisdiction of the Thames Conservancy extends from Cricklade to Yantlet Creek. For Customs purposes the Port now includes Queenborough, on the eastern side of the estuary of the Medway. The landing-places are the Docks, the Legal Quays, and the Sufferance Wharves. The Legal Quays were first recognised by the Commissioners of Customs when they defined the limits of the Port in the days of Charles II, but under the provisions of the Act they from time to time permitted other landing-places to be used under certain conditions, and these are the Sufferance Wharves, which are now in every respect on the same footing as the quays. The warehousing system began in 1714 for the convenience of the tobacco trade; the bonding

¹ See “An Old Bubble in a New Light” (“Leisure Hour,” December, 1892).

system did not begin until 1803, when the docks had been made.

The advantages claimed for docks, as compared with wharves and river stations, are—the constant flotation of the vessel, the maintenance of a fixed level of water to facilitate the rapid handling of the cargo, greater safety in bad weather, and security against robbery. It was mainly for the last reason, the stoppage of the wholesale plunder which went on in the river, that the first dock company obtained its Act of Parliament.

This company was formed by West India merchants, and made the West India Docks, at the entrance of which there stands a bronze statue to Robert Milligan, "a merchant of London, to whose genius, perseverance, and guardian care the surrounding work principally owes its design, accomplishment, and regulation." And close by, significant of the state of affairs that existed when the docks were established, there can still be found the two guard-houses for the accommodation of the troops who, for the protection of the property, supplied a cordon of eight sentries, each having in his sentry-box a bell, which he rang at intervals to show he was on the alert; and round the docks are still portions of the ditch which formed their boundary to keep out intruders.

The scheme was taken up in 1795, the capital of £800,000 being subscribed in two days, but owing to the opposition of the City Corporation, who wanted the docks near London Bridge, the consent of Parliament was not obtained until 1799, when by the same Act permission was given to the Lord Mayor and Corporation to cut a canal through the Isle of Dogs to the south of the company's property. The canal was really a device for securing an opposition dock; it was duly made, proved of no use, and was in 1829 sold to the company, to become, when enlarged in 1870, the present South-West India Dock.

In 1800 the London Dock Company, supported by the wine and tobacco merchants, was incorporated to make the docks at Wapping, and, keeping clear of the West India trade, they secured the privilege of accommodating all the ships entering the Thames laden with wine, brandy, tobacco, and rice. The West India Docks were opened by William Pitt in August 1802, two months after Mr. Addington had laid the foundation-stone of the London Docks, which were opened in January 1805, in a snowstorm, the first ship to enter being the *London Packet*, "a beautiful two-masted vessel laden with wine from Oporto." In the March following, Captain Huddart laid the foundation-stone of the East India Docks, which were promoted by the India and China merchants for the purposes of the Oriental trade, and were on the site of old Brunswick Dock, built in 1790.

This gave London a complete dock system, with a monopoly in each case for twenty-one years. When the monopolies had nearly expired, the St. Katharine Docks were pro-

jected, and they were the first free docks in London. The scheme was bitterly opposed, and only slipped through Parliament by the accident of the death of the Speaker's brother causing the House not to sit on the last day allowed for the petitions to be presented against it. That it would be remunerative was hopeless from the first, owing to the cost being so great. It necessitated the removal of the historic hospital of St. Katharine to the Regent's Park, where it now is, together with the tomb of John Holland, Duke of Exeter (1447), which had to be taken with it. The mastership of this hospital, it may be worth mentioning, is the only preferment in this country in the gift of a Queen-Consort or Queen-Dowager by virtue of their rank; it was founded by Queen Matilda, re-founded by Queen Eleanor, and enlarged by Queen Philippa, and queens have always had it under their care. The materials excavated to form the docks were taken farther up the river, and became the surface soil of southern Pimlico—Eccleston Square and its neighbourhood having been built on the dry rubbish that was shot there from St. Katharine's.

In 1855 a new dock was opened, Victoria, constructed in a very different manner. Its predecessors had to be dug out; Victoria was made by piling up embankments and building entrances, owing to its position being below high-water mark. It was a cheap dock to make, and was taken over in 1864 by the London and St. Katharine's Dock Companies, which then amalgamated. In 1880 the same company opened its continuation, the Albert Dock, thus forming a group three miles long; and six years later the East and West India Dock Companies, which had amalgamated in 1838, opened the docks at Tilbury, which are the latest and the largest.

Tilbury. Of warehouses Tilbury has none, the merchandise being run up to London, mostly to Commercial Road; but its shipping accommodation is unrivalled. The entrance lock is 700 feet long and 80 feet wide, the main dock is 1,800 feet long and 600 feet wide, and the branch dock is 1,600 feet long; the basin is 19 acres in extent, and has never less than 26 feet of water, while in the main dock the depth is 38 feet. There is a dry dock 850 feet long, which can be partitioned off into separate docks; and the centrifugal pumps (huge things that look a yard across, two throwing 10,000 gallons a minute, and two 8,000) can pump out the twelve million gallons the dry dock contains in an hour and a quarter.

Tilbury has many advantages; the only thing against it is its distance from London. It is the only dock that can take the largest of the modern ships, and it promises to have a prosperous future before it, though the good time has been a long time coming. It is the headquarters of the Orient, the Anchor, the Clan and the Bibby lines, and the calling-place

of many others, including the Japanese line, which at the moment has the best finished ships afloat. Those who would see what modern machinery can do should go over one of the "Marus." The one we were fortunate in finding there was the *Kanagawa*, and a more compact ship we never saw, although we have been over a good many, including twenty-one P. and O. boats. A more complete collection of all the latest improvements it would be difficult

to find than in this Japanese mail steamer, commanded by British officers and worked by a Japanese crew. Some of the trifles were, of course, amusing; among them the notices, all in English, with the Japanese translation beneath them. But enough of this. We are going beyond the limits of the historical sketch which it was necessary to give, and which it was convenient to deal with once for all in this article.

W. J. GORDON.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF AGRICULTURE.

PRINCE KROPOTKIN has written a valuable book which the reader will appreciate most who perseveres to the end. Unfortunately the men whom it would most benefit are likely to throw it down at an early stage, owing to some statement they meet with being out of harmony with their opinions, or opposed to their special experience, or out of date in some of its details, which were true enough when they first appeared in print, but are not so now.

The farmer and the mechanic seem to be peculiarly inclined to such fits of impatience when an amateur attempts to teach them their business, and makes a slip; but if such people will only hear the author out, they will, we have no hesitation in saying, find much in "Fields, Factories, and Workshops" that will make them think, though they may not accept its main argument. To those who are more fully acquainted with the other side of the question, some of the views—such as that with regard to the scarcity of labour on the land—seem curiously perverse; and there is a little too much of the assumption that all men are intellectual and industrious, and have a little capital to start with. But these are characteristic, and, after all, are mere incidentals that the reader can sympathise with, or make allowance for, as he feels inclined. They are most apparent in the chapters on small industries and industrial villages; in the more important section on the possibilities of agriculture they are far less obtrusive.

There is an amusing contrast between the views of Kropotkin and those of Sir William Crookes. While the latter is alarmed at the increase of population in proportion to the possible cultivable area of the globe, the former cheerily asserts that there is no cause for anxiety whatever, and that if people would only go the right way to work, enough food for each individual could be raised from less than an acre of ground.

Some of the experimental results that are quoted to support this contention are remarkable. In France Dessprèz, at the experimental station of Capelle, went over a wheatfield

cropping off with scissors the top and bottom of each ear of selected plants, and keeping the middle part only which contained the biggest seeds. On a patch of a quarter of an acre he planted each seed separately, at intervals of eight inches, in rows eight inches apart; and the yield was at the rate of eighty-seven bushels to the acre, being 600 grains on the average from each grain sown. At Tomblaine, we are told, the eight bushels and a-half required for one man's annual food were grown on an area of 2,250 square feet, or very nearly one-twentieth of an acre.

Grandeau more than confirmed these statements as to the possibilities of high farming. In a proper soil, he wrote, one single grain of wheat can give as much as fifty stems, and even more, and thus cover a circle thirteen inches in diameter; and he issued photographs of separate wheat plants grown in different soils, differently manured. He concluded that under proper treatment 2,000—and even 4,000—grains could be easily obtained from each seed. These results were obtained by planting each grain ten inches apart, and it is claimed that they would have been better if the seedlings had been transplanted, as is done in Japan with rice. It will be remembered that at one of the meetings of the British Association Major Hallett exhibited three plants of wheat, barley, and oats, each from a single grain; and of these the wheat had ninety-four stems, the barley 110 stems, and the oats eighty-seven stems. The barley plant which had 110 stems thus gave between 5,000 and 6,000 grains from one seed. Even this was excelled at the Maidstone Farmers' Club in 1876, when a wheat plant was shown with 105 heads growing on one root, on which more than 8,000 grains were growing at once; and there has been reported from New Zealand a wheat plant of ninety stems, some of which contained as many as 132 grains each. These, it may be said, are monstrosities, but the reply is fair enough—that it is by monstrosities that possibilities are shown.

We have heard it asked, What does our Board of Agriculture do besides muzzling dogs, and what



A NEIGHBOURLY OFFERING.

[GORDON BROWNE, R.I.]

practical use can there be in our County Council lecturers? Instead of answering this now, let us point out what is done in America by similar organisations. "In Europe," says Kropotkin, "we do not realise at all what is done in the States and Canada in the interests of agriculture. In every American State and in every distinct region of Canada there is an experimental farm, and all the work of preliminary experiment upon new varieties of wheat, oats, barley, fodder, and fruit, which the farmer has mostly to make himself in Europe, is made under the best scientific conditions at the experimental farms—on a small scale first, and on a large scale next." The results of all these researches and experiments are not merely rendered accessible to the farmer who would like to know them, but they are brought to his knowledge—and, so to speak, are forced upon his attention—by every possible means. The bulletins of the experimental stations are distributed in hundreds of thousands of copies; visits to the farms are organised in such a way that thousands of farmers should inspect the stations every year, and be shown by specialists the results obtained, either with new varieties of plants or under new methods of treatment. "And, finally, in every small and remote township there are held farmers' meetings, at which special lecturers, who are sent out by the experimental farms or the local agricultural societies, discuss with the farmers in an informal way the results of last year's experiments and discoveries relative to every branch of agriculture, horticulture, cattle-breeding, dairying, and agricultural co-operation."

And all this is wanted. The day is only too obviously coming when the farmer who flourishes by raising small crops per acre over large areas of cheap land will have to alter his methods. The prairie fields will not last for ever without manure, and they have never been as fertile as is supposed. In the States the fertile soil is not in the west, where the yield is from eleven to twelve bushels, but in the old eastern States, where crops of from thirty to forty bushels are raised on soil made by man's hands.

Experiments with potatoes have proved almost as remarkable as those with wheat. Gerard, in his endeavour to discover the best conditions for growing potatoes in France, set to work to find the best varieties, the best depth of tillage and planting, and the most profitable distance between the plants, and then put himself in communication with 350 growers in different parts of the country, and persuaded some of them to carry out his instructions exactly. The result was that, instead of the three tons an acre they were accustomed to grow, they got from twenty to thirty-six tons. The Germans and Belgians have also begun to experiment on potatoes for their distilleries, and in some cases have succeeded in raising thirty-two tons per acre of the best sorts.

This, of course, is "intensive" agriculture, and the question is, after all, whether it pays

best to raise thirty tons off one acre or six tons per acre off five acres—as with us—or whatever the proportion may be. That the system gives a satisfactory return in some instances is a fact. Five years ago, when "Flowers of the Market"—descriptive of horticulture under glass in the neighbourhood of London—was running in this Magazine, one of the flower farmers was working an ordinary farm on these high-pressure methods, and had always made it pay well, although it was in Essex.

Of gardening under glass Kropotkin has much to say, but he hardly does justice to the development it has attained in the suburbs of our large towns, where we have even got as far as oil-engines working cold-storage rooms in which plants and fruit are retarded in growth so as to be available all the year round. This making of an artificial climate is a peculiarly British industry which has been largely adopted by the Belgians and others.

Of the wonderful management of the acres of greenhouses in the Channel Islands he has many interesting details. There is one farm in Jersey, consisting of twenty acres under glass, from which the crops are as great as could be obtained from a hundred times as much land worked in the ordinary way. In Guernsey the greenhouses are extending at such a rate that it looks as though the island would eventually be put under a glass case. Like everybody else, he has been astonished at the enormous loads of vegetables tumbled into the Jersey boat from the string of carts at St. Peter's Port; and to him also has occurred the very obvious question, Why could not more of the land on this side of the Channel be utilised in the same way?

Market gardening has increased greatly of late years, particularly in France, where over a million acres are devoted to it. Round Paris it has reached such a pitch that the soil to a certain depth is recognised as having been made by the tenant; and by the terms of his agreement he carts it away with him when he moves, just as he does his frames, his water-pipes, and other belongings. Good land and bad land are alike to him—he can grow his crops on an asphalt pavement—for he fully accepts the fact that for high-pressure work his soil must be artificial; and he proceeds to make it, generally with old forcing-beds as a basis, though these are not indispensable, for he has even begun with sawdust and shavings as a foundation for the stuff in sacks and barrels that form the greater part of his mould. On this he grows vegetables in the open air to the value of £200 an acre, while for the use of the land on which it is temporarily placed he is content to pay the landlord £32 an acre.

A great deal too many of our vegetables come from France to be reasonable; though, so long as the French gardener is content to work all day and half the night, the present state of affairs will probably continue. If labour were only cheaper, we could raise just as

profitable crops in Dorset and Devon. But the French appear to like the conditions, and are extending their operations all along their northern coast. Cherbourg, on land gained from the sea, is growing for us 15,000 tons of vegetables a year; Barfleur is sending us 5,000 tons; the peninsula of Roscoff in

Brittany has twenty-six miles in a straight line of market gardens. Even the *landes* are being reclaimed. In five years or so there will be no more of them, and, like the marshes of the Dol, they will be turning out cauliflowers, onions, radishes, and haricot beans in quantities prodigious.

A SLANDER UPON JOHN WESLEY.

BISHOP MILNER, who, during the years 1791—1824, played a distinguished part on behalf of his Roman Catholic brethren in the contention over "Catholic Emancipation," and who acquired esteem as the author of "The End of Religious Controversy," states in a foot-note to p. 19 of one of his lighter productions, "An inquiry into certain vulgar opinions concerning the Catholic Inhabitants and the antiquities of Ireland, 1803," that John Wesley was "chief author of the riots of 1780"—i.e. the Gordon Riots of ghastly notoriety. Such a grave accusation brought against a man to whom Englishmen, past, present, and to come, are most deeply indebted, deserves consideration; and the more so as Bishop Milner's charge reappears on p. 42 of a book recently compiled for popular use: "Two Centuries of Soho, by the Clergy of St. Anne's, Soho."

Of the "chief author" of a riot, what is the immediate and common-sense idea? He is a man who, if not the actual leader, was an active manager of the affair: he contrived the methods by which it was effected; if not on the spot when the tumult took place he was sufficiently near at hand to exert over the rioters his personal influence.

If these are the necessary qualifications of the chief author of a riot, that title to fame, as will be explained hereafter, most assuredly cannot be claimed for John Wesley.

A man, however, may be regarded as the chief author of a riot who, wielding considerable influence over a large body of followers, addresses to them such inflammatory exhortations, that the disturbance which ensues is the direct consequence of his incitements; and this in effect is the foundation of the accusation brought against Wesley by Bishop Milner. How far Wesley brought himself within touch of that charge will appear in a brief recital of the events which prefaced the Gordon Riots.

Until the year 1778, throughout England and Scotland, Roman Catholic priests and schoolmasters who endeavoured to fulfil their religious and educational duties were, by an Act passed in the eleventh year of King William III, subject to imprisonment for life, and a Roman Catholic who refused to abjure his faith was disabled from the possession of

landed property. These penalties were removed by a Bill passed during the session of 1778, "it may be said unanimously, through both Houses of Parliament."

The unanimity that reigned in Westminster was felt neither in England nor in Scotland. That statute aroused our national dread of Popery, and the indignation that it provoked first took action in Scotland. The operation of the statute of 1778 did not extend to that country; but similar legislation for the benefit of the Scottish Roman Catholics was promised by the Government. Here was the opportunity for the anti-Papist agitator. To forestall and prevent the introduction of that measure, a resort to popular terrorism was organised; riotous crowds appeared in the streets of Edinburgh and Glasgow: they assailed the houses and threatened the lives of the Roman Catholics, until during February 1779 actual insurrection broke out in Edinburgh; the chapels and houses of the Romanists were burnt and pillaged. Then occurred an unpleasant symptom in these events sadly significant of the temper of the time. Both here and in London the authorities watched these scenes of violence in a state of utter inaction; they either feared or sided with the rioters. Thus aided, so complete was their mastery that the magistrates of the city of Edinburgh were forced to capitulate to the mob, who refused to cease from their work of destruction until they received an assurance given in public by the provost that the Scottish Roman Catholics should not share in the relief given to their English brethren. It is to the cowardly weakness of the Scottish Government during the year 1779, and of our home Government during 1780, that the Gordon Riots were mainly due.

Whilst the Bill of 1778 was before Parliament, and therefore long before a note of warning was given by the riots in Edinburgh, an association was formed in London for the defence of the Protestant religion. Their object was harmless, and was sought after in a most harmless fashion. They met from time to time to consider how they could oppose "the growth and increase of Popery." They printed and circulated one of Bishop Gibson's letters in his "Pastoral care," and also "some other little things"; and on November 5,

1779, they published an "Appeal to the Public," calling on every Englishman to petition Parliament for the repeal of the Act of 1778. The appeal was a most unexplosive production, which, as will be shown, was kept strictly within the lines of constitutional argument. And so the association might have continued to the end, had they not adopted Lord George Gordon as their president. Vain, weak, poor creature as he was in mind and body, he had considerable power of attraction. With the example of his Scottish fellow-countrymen before him, he evidently hoped to overawe Parliament and the Government by an exhibition of mob terrorism. The petitions for which the Protestant Association appealed gave him the opportunity. A monster petition, to use the phraseology of 1848, was prepared, bearing, it is said, not less than 120,000 signatures. He called together the London mob on June 2, 1780; they were marshalled in columns of military aspect in St. George's Fields; he marched at the head of this army to Westminster, the monster petition in the van, attended by some 100,000 men. The mob surrounded the Houses of Parliament. They insulted the Peers, and threatened to break into the House of Commons. Lord George Gordon presented the petition, and demanded its instant consideration; this was refused; an angry crowd filled the lobby of the House and Westminster Hall from noon until nine o'clock in the evening. These hours of suspense were at length brought to a close; a party of the Horse Guards was sent for, and the crowd was dispersed.

At this point the action taken by the Protestant Association was terminated. At a later hour during the night of June 2, more determined ruffians appeared. They burnt down the Roman Catholic chapels of the Sardinian and Bavarian Embassies, and until the Wednesday following they carried on unchecked the work of destruction. London, lighted up by the glare of six-and-thirty incendiary fires, was at their mercy; when the King, to use his words, showed that there was "one magistrate in the kingdom who will do his duty." Soldiers were brought up to London in haste; they were empowered by a Royal Proclamation to take summary action against the rioters; they did so, and in a few hours the Gordon Riot was quelled.

What part had Wesley taken in this five days' saturnalia of brutality and violence of which, according to Bishop Milner, he was the "chief author"? The first symptom of coming mischief arose on May 4, when the presentation of the petition was considered by the Protestant Association, and on May 5, Wesley, as his diary records, was crossing "horrid, dreary, enormous mountains," on his way to Penrith. He had left London on a missionary journey during February, and did not return until July.

Even if Wesley had followed the petition into the lobby of the House, he would have been exonerated from any share in the riot that ensued, as the jury before whom Lord George Gordon

was tried had, by their verdict of "Not guilty," acquitted not only him, but also the Protestant Association, of all responsibility for the insurrection. And that jury, it must be remembered, was composed of men who had suffered much from the outbreak, and who would not be disposed to treat with leniency the man after whom the riot has been named.

As Wesley was wholly dissevered by absence from the Gordon Riot, it must have been by the printing-press that he was chief author of that event. He must have published such inflammatory appeals inspiring such hatred against the Romanists that the London mob in consequence rose against them. Shortly before Wesley left London for the missionary journey to which he devoted himself during the ensuing six months, in January, 1780, he published two "Political Expostulations," if we may adopt the title that Mr. Gladstone affixed to his celebrated tract, "The Vatican Decrees"—namely, a pamphlet in defence of the Protestant Association, and "a Letter to the Printer of the 'Public Advertiser' occasioned by the late Act passed in favour of Popery."

The pamphlet was called forth not by Wesley's antipathy to Popery, but to refute accusations published in the newspapers denouncing the Protestant Association "as a factious and seditious" organisation. He bases his defence upon the lessons conveyed by our national history; on the conduct of "our wise and cautious ancestors," the Elizabethan statesmen, who were taught by the incessant plots of Popish emissaries against the life and power of their Queen "that an open toleration of the Popish religion is inconsistent with the safety of a free people and a Protestant Government." Accepting, therefore, the guidance of our wise ancestors, in the opinion of the Protestant Association, the repeal in 1778 of the statutory provisions which imposed the penalty of imprisonment for life on Romanist priests and schoolmasters was that open toleration which the historical teaching of the reign of Queen Elizabeth had proved to be so dangerous to the State. It was, therefore, as Wesley explains in behalf of the Association, that they had united together to "take every possible loyal and constitutional measure" to stop the growth and increase of the power of the Church of Rome which, as they feared, threatened to overspread the land.

The constitutional measures which Wesley urged upon his countrymen are indicated by the "Appeal" made by the Protestant Association. After a declaration that "persecution on account of religion is equally wicked and absurd," they call upon Protestants throughout the kingdom to "associate as one man" to demand, by petitions sent up to Parliament from the whole mass of the population, the repeal of the Act of 1778, or else such further legislation as will "assure the nation that it is not the intention of the Legislature to encourage the growth of Popery."

Wesley's letter in the "Public Advertiser" begins with a strongly worded disclaimer that

"with persecution I have nothing to do," and that in religion there should be "boundless freedom"; but still he "insists upon it that no Government, not Roman Catholic, ought to tolerate men of the Roman Catholic persuasion." The arguments on which Wesley bases this statement are not the creation of a narrow-minded, ferocious fancy peculiar to himself. Mr. Lecky, in his history of "England in the Eighteenth Century," has thus admirably, and unconsciously, summarised the reasons which Wesley urges to show that members of the Church of Rome "can give no security of their allegiance to any Government."

"It is a strong conviction of the English people that it is a peculiarity of the Catholic creed that, in cases where its interests are concerned, it can sap, in a thorough devotee, every obligation of secular honour. In a mind thoroughly imbued with the Catholic enthusiasm, attachment to the corporate interest of the Church gradually destroys and replaces the sentiment of patriotism. The belief in the power of the Church to absolve from the obligation of an oath annuls the force of the most solemn engagements. The Church is looked upon as so emphatically the one centre upon earth of guidance, inspiration, and truth, that . . . men speedily conclude that no course can possibly be criminal which is conducive to its progress and sanctioned by its head."

And the conviction held by Englishmen of the eighteenth century is also the strong conviction of Mr. Lecky. He asserts that "Catholicism never can be looked upon merely as a religion. It is a great and highly organised kingdom, recognising no geographical frontiers, governed by a foreign sovereign, pervading temporal politics with its manifold influence, and attracting to itself much of the enthusiasm which would otherwise flow in national channels," an influence which has "often in critical times proved a most serious political danger" (Lecky, "Hist." i. 133, 268).

The letter that Wesley addressed to his Protestant fellow-countrymen appeared on February 7, 1780, in a time of complete tranquillity. Even if his expostulations had been highly inflammatory, the lapse of the intervening months between February and June would have effectually damped their fervency. Thus, even taken at their worst, to the pamphlet, and to the newspaper letter, the Gordon Riot cannot possibly be attributed. Wesley, however, kept the tone and temper of his productions so thoroughly within the limits of a constitutional argument, that no advocate, however specious, could infuse over them an incendiary tinge. Wesley addressed himself strictly to the political bearing of the Roman Catholic religion; to the relation in which a Romanist under the faith he held stood towards the State; and the contention which has been raised, that his words, "I insist upon it that no Government, not Roman Catholic, ought to tolerate men of the Roman Catholic persuasion," meant a demand that our Government ought not to tolerate the existence amongst us of a Roman Catholic, is misleading and unjustified.

Wesley regarded the Romanists neither with personal antipathy, nor with distrust as members

of society. Nor did he seek to stir up animosity against them, or to urge that they should be proscribed as men. His statement that Roman Catholics were bound to obey the maxim established by a Council of their Church, that "no faith is to be kept with heretics," must be read in accordance with the whole tenor of his letter. He does not question the trust which a Protestant can place in his Roman Catholic brethren; he does not cast that offensive charge upon them, which would have lain in a suggestion that lack of probity and good faith between man and man was the necessary result of the teaching of their Church. Mr. Gladstone comes much nearer to that painful implication by his assertion that a convert by his submission to the Church of Rome not only placed "his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another," but also forfeited "his mental and moral freedom" ("Vatican Decrees," p. 35).

And from another point of view it can be shown that to single out Wesley as a would-be persecutor of the Romanists is unfair. In his demeanour towards them he did not differ from the most tolerant and charitable of his fellow-countrymen. He only pushed to an extreme point the national opinion that a Roman Catholic, as he owed allegiance to a foreign potentate, could not be regarded as an ordinary member of the State. He acted in harmony with our legislators who, until the year 1791, withheld from Roman Catholics complete freedom of worship and education; who, until the years 1817 and 1828, excluded them from our Army and Navy, and from every office or post in the State, from a seat in Parliament down to the possession of a pedlar's licence. These restrictive laws were ramifications of Wesley's doctrine of non-tolerance; but, certainly, the English nation has never been accused of seeking the extermination of Roman Catholics, though actually this charge, also, has been made against Wesley.

The most unfortunate feature in the position taken up by Wesley towards the Roman Catholics lies in the object of his endeavours. It is to be regretted that he should have sought by the repeal of the Act of 1778 to reimpose upon them those cruel and unjust penalties from which they were thereby set free. But even in this Wesley is not without justification. As only one Romish priest was brought within the touch of that harsh law during the fifty-nine years that George III reigned over us, Wesley would naturally regard the Act of Parliament which replaced that law upon the Statute Roll merely as a formal renunciation by the State of the Roman Catholic religion, and as a measure which would bring upon its followers no personal injury. Of the hidden terrorism and persecution inflicted on the Romanists by scoundrelly informers who threatened to put that law in force against them, Wesley would be wholly ignorant.

To attain a just appreciation of Wesley's conduct in 1780, he must, like everybody else, be judged according to the temper of the time; and the "painful apprehensions" felt by the

Protestant Association that the power and influence of the Pope was, at that season especially, on the increase, were very universally active throughout England. The provocation to this panic is to us astounding. During the session of 1774, the Roman Catholic religion in Canada, the faith held by an immense majority of its inhabitants, was authorised and sanctioned by Act of Parliament. This measure was denounced in the House of Lords as "a gross violation of the Protestant religion"; and mobs greeted the King with cries of "No Popery!" To such a height did this frenzy reach, that George III, a monarch the most sincere Christian according to the tenets of the Protestant faith that had sat upon the English throne, was regarded as another Charles I, as a secret favourite of the Romanists. Nor was this absurd fancy enjoyed solely by the ignorant or the heedless. It was the opinion of two men who may deservedly command our regard and respect, of our dear friend William Cowper, and of his brother in the spirit, the Rev. W. Unwin. It is thus that Cowper wrote to him, on February 13, 1780:

"You are not alone, I believe, in thinking that you see a striking resemblance between the reign of his present Majesty and that of Charles I. The undue extension of the influence of the Crown; the discountenancing and displacing of men obnoxious to the Court, though otherwise men of unexceptionable conduct and character; the waste of public money, and especially the suspicion that obtains of a fixed design in Government to favour the cause of Popery, are features common to both faces." (Southey's "Cowper," vol. ii. 240.)

Cowper, in the affairs of this world, was endowed with rare and genial common-sense, and yet he could suppose that the Government, his fellow-student, Lord Thurlow, being Lord Chancellor, entertained "a fixed design" to "favour Popery," and that George III was following in the courses falsely attributed to Charles I.

This deplorable suspicion, and the deplorable events which very considerably sprang therefrom, did not disturb the balance of Cowper's judgment. On June 12, 1780, he wrote thus to the Rev. John Newton:

"A metropolis in flames, and a nation in ruins, are subjects of contemplation for such a mind as yours that will leave a lasting impression behind them. . . . I congratulate you upon the wisdom that withheld you from entering yourself a member of the Protestant Association. Your friends who did so have reason enough to regret their doing it, even though they should never be called upon. Innocent as they are, and they who know them cannot doubt of their being perfectly so, it is likely to bring odium upon the profession they make, that will not soon be forgotten. Neither is it possible for a quiet, inoffensive man to discover on a sudden that his zeal has carried him into such company, without being to the last degree shocked at his imprudence. Their religion was an honourable mantle, like that of Elijah; but the majority wore cloaks of Guy Fawkes's time, and meant nothing so little as what they pretended."

Who is there who would exclude Wesley from a share in the charitable judgment which Cowper extended to other members of the Protestant Association?

Following the charge given by another preacher of the Gospel, whose devotion to Christ's service brought upon him a notable amount of slander and illwill, Wesley was "instant, in season and out of season," to "re-buke and exhort" his brethren that he might turn them from fables unto the Truth. In such a struggle, due respect to persons and prejudices is hardly possible, and Wesley—passing from the language of St. Paul to that of William Cowper—was often undoubtedly "guilty of those offensive peculiarities," and of proclaiming "those obnoxious doctrines, at which the world is so apt to be angry, and which we must leave her to be angry at, because we know she cannot help it." An angry world, accordingly, cannot help seeking to disparage and defame a man who is so obviously "not for our turn," who is so "clean contrary to our doings." In his lifetime Wesley and his followers were decried as "secret Papists," and subsequently he was accused of plotting their destruction—of being the "chief author" of the Gordon Riots. The slander of the last century died away of its own absurdity, and that other notion might in like manner have been left to itself, but for the unfortunate revival which it has recently received.

REGINALD F. D. PALGRAVE.

THE WAPPING PHILOSOPHER.

I CAME across the Wapping Philosopher in a woe-begone and bleary-visaged court which glimmered through a black-browed archway off the high road. The first time I ventured within its melancholy twilight I fell over a grimy infant which was wallowing in serene enjoyment upon the slimy flags. I grazed my hand against the wall in endeavouring to break my fall. The infant took no notice. It was used to these things. A bump on the head more or less did not count in Shoulder of

Mutton Alley. It therefore resumed its meditation, and I, respectfully apologising, withdrew. The second time I penetrated that passage, I felt my way carefully. I got through safely enough, only to bark my shin against the wheel of a barrow which was standing in the gloom at the other end of the court. I uttered an exclamation (a perfectly harmless one), and became aware of somebody moving at the other side of the barrow. Gradually—I was rubbing my shin all this time—I made out a small

wizened face, surmounted by an old felt hat. Attached to the face was a spare bent body, almost boyish in its slimness, and rendered still more attenuated in appearance by a long tight-fitting, threadbare overcoat buttoned close to the throat. As my eyes became more accustomed to the gloom I saw that a fringe of grey straggling beard ran round the chin, goat-wise.

"Hallo!" I said, as I rubbed my shin.

"Hallo!" replied the figure, starting up and peering at me. I stared in amazement. The voice was a big deep-toned one, like the booming of an immense bell. What right had such a small body to such a big voice, and where was it all kept in stock?

"I nearly fell over your barrow," I said, when I had recovered from my astonishment.

"Ah! Nearly fell over my barrow, did you?" boomed the big voice. "Now, that's just like Life, sir! Just like Life, that is! You goes along, thinkin' the coast is all clear, and bang! you comes up against an obstacle just at the moment you least expects it. Just like Life!"

I stared at him in renewed astonishment, and with some reverence as well. Such a voice, and such an oracular pronouncement, called for respect.

"Why, you are quite a Philosopher!" I said, laughing. "But, of course, it isn't your shin that has been barked! Philosophy is always easy to the Other Man, you know!"

He quite enjoyed that. His wizened face broke into a smile, displaying a broad, comical-shaped mouth. He drew himself up as he laughed, pushed his hands into the pockets of his long coat, and peered at me more closely. Then he took his right hand out, pointed his finger at me with an air of judicial triumph, and said:

"Then you, too, are a Philosopher, sir, for it's Philosophy as you've just uttered."

"Ah! You have me there," I replied.

"Eh?" He laughed again in almost childish delight. "I had you there, eh? I turned it on you there. Well, that's like Life, too. A man thinks he's got the best of it in some little affair or another, and he finds out all of a sudden that somebody else has sprung up from somewhere, and has got ahead of him! En, sir?"

He rubbed his hands in his glee. Evidently he was enjoying himself.

"True again!" I said. "But let us drop Philosophy for a moment. Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"Well, I've brought in a load of bottles, an' I'm puttin' them in my shed."

"Oh! Are you a dealer in bottles, then?"

He smiled in a superior way. My eyes were quite accustomed to the gloom by now, and I could distinctly see the play of his face. It was an interesting face to watch. There are faces in which every mental expression and feeling are portrayed ere the words are uttered. The face of the Wapping Philosopher was one of them.

"I'm a dealer in anything and everything," he replied. "I carries Philosophy into the street with me, and I says, 'Make something out of everything,' says I. 'Everything can be turned into something.' That's my motto in life, sir!"

"Come, this is interesting," I said. "'Make something out of everything.' That is Philosophy, in truth. Now let me learn of you as to the practical application of this Philosophy. What about old bottles?"

"Well, I went out this mornin' with my barrow, and I goes into a shop, an' I says: 'Have you got anything for sale. No matter what it is. I buy anything and everything. If there's anything at all around in the way of old goods as you can offer for a fair price, tell me what it is, and I will see if I can do with it.' Well, the shopkeeper laughs at me, and he says, 'Right you are, Daddy! Will you buy my whole stock, an' I'll take the missis for a day in the country?' 'Now, steady,' says I, 'that ain't Philosophy, that ain't.' 'What is Philosophy, then?' says he, a-laughin' at me agen. 'Philosophy would be to stay at home and bank yer profits, and take the rest of the money into the market agen,' says I. With that he laughed agen. 'You're a funny one,' says he. 'I'm blest if I don't look to see if I've got something for you. Now what would you say to a lot of old bottles?' says he. 'I'll take 'em,' says I. So he sends for 'em up, a barrow load of 'em, and he says, 'Take 'em and welcome, Daddy.' 'Not before I've paid for 'em,' says I. 'Won't you accept 'em?' says he. 'No,' says I, 'thanks to you all the same. I likes to pay for everything. It wouldn't do me no good to get them for nothin'. It'd make me dissatisfied with fair trading and fair profits,' says I."

"Which is more Philosophy, and of a sound kind into the bargain," I remarked. "Now, what will you do with these bottles?"

"Sell 'em agen," he replied. "That's the principle of all the world's trade. Buy and sell agen; sell and buy. If I fail to find a market for 'em, I can always take 'em to the place where they smashes 'em up."

"Smash them up!" I interjected. "What for?"

"Why, for broken glass for the tops of walls and that kind of thing," he answered. "You see," he added, with an oracular wave of the hand, "there's not a thing in this world but 'as got its use, even down to broken glass."

It was the very breath of life to the Wapping Philosopher to indulge in his little homilies and aphorisms. He lingered upon them fondly. He, so to speak, smacked his lips over them, with a fond and paternal pride. No one looking into his beaming face and watching his absurdly oracular air as he revelled in them, could begrudge him his enjoyment. Platitudes they doubtless were, many of them of the feeblest sort, but they did no one any harm, and they made him extremely happy.

A few days later I came across him unexpectedly in Aldgate. I was walking past the numerous street stalls which line the pavement of that quarter when a barrow-load of old books for sale attracted my attention. I paused and began to inspect them.

"What's yer taste, sir?" said a deep voice at my side.

I looked up. It was the Wapping Philosopher!

"What a good thing this world is made up of different tastes!" he went on (he did not recognise me). "If it wasn't it'd be a bad look out. Now if you are fond of history here's 'The Wars of the Jews.' Or suppose you like——"

"Philosophy, for instance," I put in smilingly.

He looked at me sharply.

"When last I saw you it was bottles," I said.

"Now it is books, I see!"

"Blest if I know'd you, sir," said he. "Yes, it's books to-day. We've got to take things as they come in this world. Now it's bottles. Now it's books. You see I came across a man as wanted the lot cleared out, and I bought 'em at a fair price, and here I be a-selling 'em. In business there's nothin' like turnin' yer money over. That's the secret, sir! Turn yer money over. Five shillin's in yer hand is worth more than ten shillin's locked up."

He looked at me with the most innocent delight, and rubbed his hands.

"That's another bit of Philosophy for you," he said. "Oh, I'm strong on Philosophy, I can tell you."

"And how have the books been going?"

"I've sold about four shillin's worth already."

Here he approached me confidentially.

"You see, sir," he began, laying down the law with his forefinger, "in whatever a man undertakes, he must use his 'ead. Now when I bought those books and decided to come out with them on a barrow, the first thing I did was to use my 'ead. Now what did I say to myself? I says, 'Every man and woman has got their particular taste, whether in books or anything else. Now, if I takes these books out, have I got enough variety in 'em to meet every taste?' I looks over 'em. No, I adn't got enough variety. So I lays out a little money in other sorts, an' 'ere we are. 'Ere's history for them as likes history. 'Ere's fiction for them as is fond of it. 'Ere's novelettes of a good sort for girls as wants something for their spare hours. 'Ere's old magazines for them as likes variety in their reading. And 'ere's religious books for them as leans that way."

"Admirable!" I exclaimed. "Philosophy in its truest sense."

He chuckled in his glee, and rubbed his hands again.

"Yes," he said. "I guess that's some more Philosophy, that is."

As I left him, he turned to a man who was scanning his stock, and, with his most oracular manner, said:

"What's yer taste, sir? History, fiction, religious works, science, I've got 'em all here.

Only run yer eye along and you'll be sure to see something to yer fancy. There's an old Latin proverb, sir, as says, 'So many men, so many opinions.' I ain't a Latin scholar, so I can't give you the Latin, but 'ere's a stock to meet all the tastes and opinions going. Run yer eye along, sir, run yer eye along!"

Yet again I met my Philosopher. He was going along perkily wheeling a barrow-load of waste paper of all kinds and descriptions—evidently a miscellaneous lot, which he had burrowed out from some corner or another.

"Hallo!" I said. "Here you are again! What is it this time? Waste paper?"

He rested the barrow on its legs, stroked his consumptive fringe of beard, and cast his eye over his stock in a complacent way. Then he hugged himself with another little homily.

"Many's the part we've got to play in this world, sir," he said. "This time it's waste paper. I'm going to sort it over in my shed."

"And what then?" I asked, somewhat pointlessly, for I knew what his answer would be.

"Why, I'll turn it into money then," he replied. "That's the only way to keep goin'. Turn yer stock into money and take that money into the market agen. That's the only way!"

"You have picked up a mixed lot this time," I observed. "I see newspapers, and I see what looks very much like paper-litter of all kinds."

"That's it!" he said, hugging himself again.

"Jes' like Life agen! You've got to take the rough with the smooth. I had to clear out the whole lot, else I shouldn't have had the newspapers. He was a smart gentleman, too, he was, whose office I got this load from. He says to me, 'Look 'ere, my friend, I think you get an extra price for this particular newspaper, don't you, because of the special quality of the paper? Well if you get an extra price, you ought to pay an extra price! What do you say to that?' 'Beggin' your pardon, sir,' says I, 'that's a fair remark. And if you had made it before Christmas,' says I, 'I would have offered you an extra price,' says I. 'Why, what has Christmas got to do with it?' says he. 'Why, like this,' says I, 'Jes' before Christmas the poulterers are on the look-out for this paper to wrap up their turkeys and geese an' things in for gentlemen as is buying, an' the consequence is that there's a good deal of call for the paper. But the special season is past now,' says I, 'an' I can only offer you an even price for the lot, although I don't disguise from you as that particular newspaper *does* command a better price. I don't want to do anything underhand,' says I. 'You know your way about, I can see,' says he, laughing. 'Well, one has got to know his way about when he's dealing with business gentlemen,' says I. With that he laughs agen, and says, 'Here, clear the lot out.'

"And what will you do with the odds and ends of litter?" I asked.

"Why, I shall sell them as shavings and waste paper at the mill."

"And what will they do with them at the mill?"

"Pulp them."

"You will take them just as they are, then?"

"Bless my 'art, no, sir. They've got to be all sorted. There's different kinds of waste amongst 'em. There's 'fine shavings' and 'seconds' and 'wood shavings.' Then there's 'blue paper' and 'white waste,' and what we call 'heavy letter' and 'light letter.' Then there's also a few old ledgers. All these different kinds commands a different price, so they've all got to be sorted out."

"Why," said I, "the waste-paper business requires quite an education."

"Take whatever department of life you choose," he said sententially, "and you'll find something to learn in it."

The dealings of the Wapping Philosopher were certainly extensive and peculiar. The different branches of business in which I found him engaged from time to time are too numerous to mention, but among the loads which I saw on his barrow on divers occasions were old iron, old bedsteads, rags and bones, rolls of faded carpet (which he sold at fourpence a strip, by public auction, in an East-end street), old crockery, and a collection of battered tin articles, mostly for household use, which he purposed disposing of on a Saturday afternoon, in Watney Street.

A spirit of curiosity prompted me to betake myself to Watney Street on the afternoon in question, with the object of ascertaining the Philosopher's methods of public auction. I came upon him at a busy corner, where the crowd surged and swayed in dense numbers, and the boom of street business was fast and furious. Mingled with the "Buy, buy," of the

sturdy butcher, I could hear the deep tones of the Philosopher as I elbowed my way among the crowd.

"Now 'ere's a tea-pot for you, ladies. I put this before you as a special article. I've got a round dozen of 'em, and if you don't look sharp they'll be all gone afore you can speak. They're a bit dented, so I got 'em at a bargain. Only a bit dented, that's all. They're none the worse for it, ladies. A good many of us have been knocked about a bit by the world, but we are none the worse for it. Now, observe, I'll put some water in, to show you what good pourers they be. Look at that! If only we could rope money in as easily as that there water is a-comin' out, we should all be ridin' in our carriages in six months' time. Look at that, ladies! To see the tea a-comin' out like that would be enough of itself to put your 'usbands in a good temper. Now, ladies, don't all speak at once. 'Ere's a good article goin' at twopence. Only twopence each, ladies, and only a dozen of 'em to sell. Look sharp, or they'll all be gone afore you speak the word!"

I call to mind one occasion when Philosophy miserably failed my friend. It was when his little daughter and housekeeper was ill nigh unto death. On the night when the crisis came, I met him walking to and fro in the court as one bereft. There were deep circles round his eyes, which spoke of sleepless nights, and his lips were moving convulsively. I asked him how matters were going. He tried to answer, but his voice would not come. Ah, my friend, Philosophy was no good to you then.

Two days afterwards, I met him in the White-chapel Road. He greeted me with a beaming face, and treated me to one of his choicest aphorisms. Then I knew it was well with the child.

HARRY DAVIES.

HORSES THAT WORK UNDERGROUND.

WITH the collier and the condition of his daily labour we are, through the accounts of strike, explosion, and accident, more or less familiar; of his patient fellow-worker, an equal sharer in the gloom and danger of the mine, the underground horse, very little is heard. Still, without his help, the carrying on of work in any volume would be impossible, the number of horses employed in a large colliery running often into hundreds.

The class of animal employed is a strong and heavy Shire cart-horse, with a *sine qua non* in the matter of build that he be low standing, a qualification the necessity of which can be readily seen when the low-roofed character of underground ways is taken into consideration. For the same reason ponies

are very suitable for the lighter portions of the work. Norwegian ones, by the way, are preferred, as possessing in a marked degree a union of high pluck and endurance with great tractability. Welsh ponies, at one time extensively bred for the purpose, were handicapped by their fiery spirit, a trait that, however valuable in pony or horse aboveground, tells heavily on the wrong side below. An even-tempered animal stands a far better chance there than a high-spirited one, as the latter, if fortunate enough to escape death or injury by a blind rushing into danger before becoming accustomed to his new surroundings, wastes a large amount of life and energy in useless fretting and fidgeting.

Granted this placid disposition, and average good luck, a horse can make a fair enough life

of it, particularly if he find as haulier one of those men—by no means rare underground, spite of attendant roughness and grime—who from a sympathetic large-heartedness manage to make the relations between themselves and their charges rank far higher than those merely of master and servant. Some of them, indeed, make great pets of their horses, and now and again a pony with a maximum of capacity will be taught all sorts of odd tricks, such as snatching a man's cap off his head to attract prompt attention, sharing the dinner of bread and cheese, feigning death when work is to be recommenced, and so on. One queer-looking little pony I have known who chewed tobacco whenever he had a chance, and appeared to enjoy it hugely, an accomplishment that doubtless originated in a playful offer of a bit of tobacco one day when his master was renewing his own "quid."

That there are also men of an opposite type must be admitted in the light of an occasional prosecution for cruelty; still, such are rare, for apart from all question of humanity, it is to the evident interest of the owner as a mere matter of business economy to look well after the well-being of his horses. A veterinary surgeon is employed in collieries of any size, whilst smaller concerns retain a first claim upon the services of a general practitioner near. These keep a vigilant eye upon the horses; officers of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals can, and do, go below at unexpected times to make inspections; and, further, the regular Government inspectors of mines now include horses in their official reports—all powerful and effective checks upon the possibility of harsh treatment.

As may be imagined, the operation of lowering so nervous a creature as a horse into the mine is no easy matter. In earlier days, when workings were less deep and extensive than those of to-day, and fewer horses were consequently needed, they were stabled on the surface, lowered and raised morning and evening, and from custom travelled as unconcernedly up and down as the men themselves. This very unconcern, indeed, once proved the cause of the death of one of the best little horses we had; for waiting his turn one morning, with his back to the pit, mistaking the clatter of a shifting tram for the rattle of the ascending cage coming to rest, he backed as usual of his own accord into it, as he thought, and fell down the shaft instead, the top of which was not then protected, as now, when the cages are travelling. Nowadays, with business on so much more ample and go-ahead a scale and style, it is found impracticable to daily lower and raise the greater number of horses employed, and they are stabled below. Sending a horse down under these circumstances, lacking any familiarity upon his part with the process, is a tedious and difficult matter enough. When it has to be done, one end of the rectangular iron carriage, or "cage," in which the men descend

and the coal is raised, is securely closed by an iron door, the horse brought up, and the attempt made to back him in. He makes desperate protests in kickings and violent strugglings. Fate, however, represented in this case by the expert efforts of the brawny assistants, proves, as ever, too strong, and half sliding over the iron plated surface around the pit mouth, rendered still more slippery by a thin sprinkle of glittering coal-dust, he is ultimately forced into his temporary prison stall. Once in, the second end is secured like the other, and the lowering signal sent to the engineman; the big pulleys above, over which the ropes pass, begin to turn, and the load slips suddenly and silently out of sight. An occasional burst of fierce kicking against the sides of his iron box, multiplied in hollow re-echoings from the shaft sides, gives ample evidence of the unwillingness of the frightened captive. Arrived at the bottom he is deftly freed, and given in due course the opportunity of starting upon his new rôle of underground worker. Judiciously treated, put to light work, and that not continuously, at the start, a fortnight's time will, as a rule, find him working as readily and unconcernedly as any of his more experienced fellows.

Once down he is down for good, unless he meet with an accident that cannot be properly seen to below; or in the event of a lengthened strike, when he gets a brief run in the fields, as the more economical way of tiding things over.

Spite of all drawbacks, some horses live to a venerated old age, although the average life does not exceed seven or eight years. Still this, taking the extra liability to accident into account, compares very favourably with many averages aboveground—the five and six years respectively of tram and omnibus horses, for instance. The uniformity of temperature tells somewhat on the right side in lengthening life; the food, too, is nutritious and liberal, and the stabling arrangements in all modern mines good. The stables differ little from those aboveground, except in their necessarily more solid construction, and in the substitution of artificial light for daylight. At their best, or where the ground is in any way insecure, they are bricked throughout, and arranged to hold twenty-four horses each, allowing sufficient room for each horse to lie down in comfort. A tramway running down their length facilitates the transport of food and litter. Each stable is in charge of two ostlers, who descend as early as four o'clock in the morning to start upon feeding and watering, ready for the commencement of general work between six and seven. A considerable difficulty is met with in adequately ventilating underground stables, a fact probably accounting for the liability to influenza, especially amongst fresh arrivals.

Accidents are frequent; they are mainly cuts and bruises from contact with rough walls and moving trams, although at times from fall

of roof and giving way of sides they pass into more serious directions, and death. In the event of an explosion the effects are equally fatal to horse and man, whether in the first danger from its violence, or, if that be escaped, from breathing the deadly "after-damp" formed. Many cases there are, however, on record of rescues of horses as of men after having been an almost incredible length of time without food and water. After an explosion, by the way, the decomposing bodies of horses, so difficult of removal in their bulkiness and weight, with the tramways as a rule blocked up by falls, present dreadful difficulties to rescuing and clearing parties.

There is a popular impression that horses become blind underground: it is a mistaken one, that has naturally arisen from their wild behaviour and frantic rushing hither and thither, regardless of any obstacles in the way, when brought to the surface. Fright, to which the horse of all animals, whether working above or below ground, is particularly susceptible, ac-

centuated by the sudden, and at first painful, glare of sunlight upon eyes accustomed to the dim lamp glimmer below, is quite sufficient to account for the excitement.

But, even though they have good food and fair treatment, it will surely prove a happy day for the horses when some mechanical contrivance shall have been adapted to do their work, and they are given the light and freedom of the upper world in place of the gloom and confinement of the nether one. Mechanical haulage by means of wire ropes is in extensive use wherever possible as it is, but is inapplicable to the necessary bringing of loaded trams in ones and twos from scattered and distant workings into the main ways, as also the reverse distribution to the workers of empty ones to be filled. Possibly in course of time some light form of electric motor will be evolved to this end. The change is equally desirable from a master's point of view, who would regard with satisfaction any invention less liable to accident, and less cost in renewal.

J. REES.

JUANA GARCIA: A SKETCH FROM SPAIN'S LAST WAR.

BY CONSTANCE HASTINGS.



THE sunshine fell brilliantly in the obscure town of Toro in Castile. On a flower-filled balcony of a house in the market-

place sat a charming Spanish maiden, Juana Garcia. The ivy geranium which trailed on the wall behind her, with its pink blossoms, that seemed to nestle against her jet-black hair, made a most artistic background. Steadily she was sewing, when she heard a voice, "Juana, here is the hair-dresser."

"Coming, my mamma," was the reply.

The little town, Toro, where Juana Garcia lived with her parents, is one

of the walled cities of the western part of Spain, and once boasted of being the capital of Castile.

It is built on a high hill, at the foot of which runs a fine river. An ancient Roman bridge spans the river. It is the only one for about one hundred miles over that stream. Owing to numerous rapids and strong currents the river is of no use for purposes of navigation. It winds through a fertile country, but never a ship is seen on its bosom, and not a sail breaks the horizon. From it the Torresanos obtain their water, which is carried to the town by means of pipes. These find their outlets at several central fountains, round which all the gossip of the town may be heard.

On the day mentioned Juana afforded material for chatter amid these fountains. The Garcias being rich and popular, everybody seemed pleased and happy. Round each fountain the tale was told.

"So, if God will, the Señorita Juana soon will marry Don Miguel!" said Carmen, the domestic from the doctor's house; "I wish she was going to marry my master!"

"But how much more handsome is Miguel," said another maiden.

"No, he is not; it is only that he wears that gay uniform," replied Carmen; and perhaps she was not far wrong.

"They have been lovers since last St. John's day, when he serenaded her and took her a 'mantal' most precious," said another group.

"I wish some one would buy me a 'mantal.'"

The 'mantal' is a Manilla shawl of silk, gaily embroidered, part of the national costume, and much prized by girls of all classes. The shawls are very expensive, and are a favourite gift of lovers.

Here broke in an old market woman: "Yes, the other day, when I took eggs to the house, the señorita showed it to me. It is white and most beautiful."

"Ya, ya," cried another woman, who was waiting her turn to fill her large earthen jar with water. "Valentina, the servant of the Garcias, told me that last St. John's Eve Don Miguel kept watch all night underneath the señorita's balcony, that the 'mantal' was filled with flowers, and among these there was a most beautiful pair of pearl earrings."

She was here referring to the usual custom of lovers in Spain.

A man standing by with his donkey, and who heard the conversation, suggested sneeringly, "Don Miguel is wise, for the Garcias are rich, and the señorita will have much money."

"Here comes Valentina," cried a girl. "She will tell us everything, if God wills."

The servant from the house of the Garcias had come to fetch water, and answered the questions hurled at her from all sides. Indeed, she was proud to be of so much importance in the reflected glory of her young mistress. She and Carmen were soon at loggerheads over the appearance of these two young men, Miguel and the doctor. It lasted some time, and then both went off with tossing heads.

Spanish girls are very particular about the dressing of their hair. As they are not accustomed to arrange it themselves, in every town there are women whose occupation is to go from house to house, hair-dressing and gossiping!

As Juana was having her hair dressed, the woman said suggestively, "And so the marriage is to be soon?"

"Yes; it is to be on June 5, if God wills. It will be a busy day for you, Julia!"

"Clearly; all the señoritas have been asking about it this morning. Truly news flies."

She finished the waving and curling, then took a little brush, and dipping it in aquadiente (a Spanish spirit), she carefully and lightly covered every puff and roll. She then looked at her work with great satisfaction, remarking, "Good; what beautiful hair you have, señorita! Don Miguel will think you prettier than ever to-day. Adios."

"Adios; go with God," was Juana's brief reply. The hair-dresser tied her handkerchief over her head, put on her shawl, wrapped her tongs and crimpers in her apron, and went to the next house, where everything would be related, and so spread and spread without the intervention of a local journal.

Once more Juana sat on the balcony, her work in her hands, but her eyes down the street. Surely he would pass soon. The market-women, whose heads were covered with gay handkerchiefs, sitting by their stalls at the end of the street, chattered and laughed as usual. The heaps of cherries looked tempting and ripe. How beautiful everything was!

On the balcony of the house opposite the Garcias a girl stepped.

"Good morning, Juana. Many felicitations," she called across the narrow street.

"Good morning, Matilde, thank you."

"Has Miguel been to see you this morning, Juana?"

"No, Matilde; I'm looking for him."

"Ah, but here he comes. Oh, the happy one," called Matilde, as Miguel just then appeared round the corner, all smiles.

He was a tall, good-looking man, with a heavy moustache. Being an officer, he looked very gay in his blue and silver uniform, with his clattering sword. He stood in the middle of the road and called up to Juana:

"Good morning, my little one."

"How are you, Miguelito; won't you come in?" answered Juana.

"For a little time, my rich one, whom I care for with all my heart. I long to give you a thousand embraces."

"After June, if God wills, you shall," replied his sweetheart aloud, and careless of how many might hear.

In Spain courting is carried on in this public manner. In fact, often sweet nothings are purposely said for the edification of passers-by. These have then the delight of retailing all they hear at the fountains.

After a little more talk Miguel disappeared into the house, and Juana's mother accompanied him into the drawing-room. Spanish lovers, even in this century, are never permitted to meet save in the presence of a third person. The mother knows she is *de trop*, but she is through social custom *de rigueur*.

The conversation of the young people naturally turned on the wedding. There were so many things to be settled—the silk dresses, the bridegroom's gift, had to be chosen and made, for the bridegroom always provides the wedding-dress at least. In this case Miguel, being rich, was even giving Juana three silk gowns—a white, a black, and a coloured one.

The bride provides, and is supposed to embroider, the shirt worn by the groom on the wedding-day; and this is not altogether an inexpensive gift, as it has to be fitted with three gold studs, and they can even be of pearl or diamond. Visitors one by one appeared, offering congratulations. The drawing-room gradually became full of people. As usual in Spanish houses, it was a bare room. The furniture was upholstered in blue satin, though its glories were shrouded in white covers. The whole effect was rather cheerless, in spite of the gay group of girls. However, the balcony atoned for the want of colour in the room. It simply glowed with flowers, well repaying Juana for the care she lavished on it.

The days sped quickly by. The trousseau progressed rapidly. Dozens of beautifully embroidered garments came from a neighbouring convent, for nuns often earn much money by needlework.

At night Juana would fall asleep thinking of her handsome lover, and of her happiness.

Soldiers were called for by the Government for service in that turbulent island Cuba. It chanced that Miguel's regiment was early ordered there. The summons came just a week before his wedding. How unfortunate! What could he do? How should he break the news to his love? The orders were imperative; he had to start for Madrid that very evening. There was no time for him to be married. He went to the Garcias with lagging steps and a gloomy face.

"What is the matter, my Miguelito?" (using the diminutive of affection), asked Juana anxiously.

"My love, my flower, my little rich heart—I do not know how to tell you."

"Oh! tell me."

"Well, Spain calls me."

"Calls you!"

"Yes, child; I must start for Madrid to-night."

"Impossible! incredible! I cannot believe it. You cannot go."

"I must, my little loved one."

"What a fate—surely we can be married first?"

"No, alas! there is no time."

"What shall I do?" sobbed sad Juana.

"Juanita, my darling, all will be happy when I come back to you. God wills it that I go and fight in Cuba. Go I must, for has not my country ordered it?"

Juana's father and mother joined in the lamentations.

"Going to Cuba," said Don Luis, "that terrible land of famine and fever. Ah! Miguel, there strong men fall without having even struck a blow for their country."

"It is often so; but I hope it will not be so for me. Fearful is the blow. Alas! I must go at once."

Miguel tears himself away.

"Adios, adios, my Juanita; I shall think of you by day and dream of you at night. Love of my heart, adios."

"Go with God, my Miguelito, but come back to me. I will pray the Blessed Virgin and all the saints to protect and guard you."

"Adios, adios, adios, Juanita, Juanita, Juanita."

Juana stood on the balcony and watched her lover slowly go. He turned the corner of the street, and she could only stand and gaze at the place where he had vanished, with last wave of the hand. Voices of the market-women sounded as they chattered below. How harshly they fell on the ears of Juana! How dirty looked the shades over the stalls! How ugly everything was! Even the piles of fruit looked sour. The blue sky seemed lowering. Her head swims; her eyes are blurred with tears. Miguel, her strong, handsome lover, is gone. She was sure he would never return. Awful, miserable, stricken Cuba. Then, even if he should have the good fortune to return, she thinks he will be wasted by the horrible climate, and perhaps only come back to die. Indoors

she turned, went to her room, flung herself on her bed, and wept, wept, wept in spite of all the soothings of her ever-thoughtful mother. Poor little heart! and she was only one of thousands in such sorrow at that time.

Anxious months passed, and tidings arrived. Juana's fears and forebodings proved to be only too true. Miguel was ill, very ill. More waiting. She had become thin and white during this time. All she could do was to go to church and pray. Then came tidings: Miguel is dead. Poor Juana!

Truly the 'Torresanos had much to gossip about now. What with the vague news of the war, and the Garcias' sorrow, the crowds round the fountains talked more than ever. Rumours of America's proposed intervention were just beginning to reach them, and they were savage; but at the thought of Juana all was pity.

The Garcias showed every respect to Miguel. They mourned for a year. This was no small burden in Spain. It meant that none of the family were seen in the public walks, nor even at the religious processions on feast days. Their piano was locked up, lest even a strain of minor-keyed music should set tongues wagging.

The sad and silent time passed slowly; the first three days stood out for ever, in Juana's memory, as the most dreary and despairing. The little chapel belonging to the house was draped in black, and lighted only by glimmering candles. On these three days masses for the dead were continually repeated.

In the drawing-room the chairs were uncovered, and shone out resplendent in their blue upholstery. Juana and her mother sat on a sofa, and all the friends of the family came to show their sympathy. It was hard to bear all this. The ladies alone came into the drawing-room, for gentlemen were received in another room by Juana's father. Oh, the formality of such visits of condolence! To have to sit still while not a word is spoken, and only an occasional sob breaks the silence! It is not etiquette to speak, but the more visitors weep the more respect is shown to the dead. Ladies are supposed to stay for three or four hours on each of these three public days of mourning. How, even under such circumstances, they can be still is a perplexity.

The long year of mourning was over at last; the Garcias mixed again in society. Juana soon had other admirers and would-be lovers. She would not have anything to say to them. Might she go into a convent? She would then pass her life in praying for the soul of her Miguel. She had really loved him. If her parents allowed her to join the nuns of St. Sophia they would have to pay the dowry demanded by the convent. After a year's probation Juana could become a bride of heaven, receiving a gold ring as token. Her hair

would then be cut off, the burial service would be read over her, and henceforth she would be lost to the world. Possibly the regularity and monotony might soothe her sorrow. With the other nuns she would have to rise at four in the morning, and every hour would have its appointed work. There would be tending of the flowers in the garden, the working embroidery for the church, the giving of food to the poor, and many religious exercises to fill the day. Friends she would seldom see, and then only on visiting days. When the convent bell tolled her number she would go to the corridor, and there, through the double lattice, shake hands once more with her loved ones. This is how many in Spain think they must show respect to lost loved ones, even as widows in India went to suttee when husbands died.

Juana's parents did not care to part from their only daughter like that. Don Luis said to his wife, "I don't see that it is necessary that Juana should go into a nunnery to pray always for the repose of the soul of Miguel; she can

pray at home. Moreover, why should we think that Miguel is unhappy in the other state; I am sure he was a good man, and died for his country. Surely the good God will not punish him for that. I don't understand it at all; but this thing seems to come in a natural way, and I cannot believe that we are only special marks for God's anger. It is a bitter trial to see our poor Juanita so disappointed and bereaved. Surely the good God must pity her, seeing that the cup of joy was dashed from her lips just as she was about to drink it. No, no; we must persuade her to stay with us. You must persuade her if you can, my Dolores."

The mother did persuade. She even dropped into the ear of Juana the (as she thought) rather perilously heretical ideas. They took root in a prepared soil, and she kept them in her heart.

Señor Garcia was kindness itself to his dear girl. She for his sake gave up for a time at least her intention, and gradually the desire to shut herself up in a convent died out.

AN EMPEROR ON HIS TRAVELS.

[Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Malines to a friend in England, describing the journey of the Empero Joseph II¹ through the Netherlands. Communicated by M. BETHAM EDWARDS.]

July 4, 1781.

AS we have the Emperor here, it is natural that you should expect some observations on his character and conduct. I will give you anecdotes to be depended on, and you shall form the character. He travelled in the most perfect incognito till he got to Frankfort. He was there known, and as he could no longer conceal himself *il rebroussoit chemin* (turned back) and came to Mannheim, Mayence, and then crossed over and fell upon his fortress at Luxembourg. He was so little expected there that the Governor and Commanders were in the country. He exercised the next morning the garrison; the officers and soldiers were frightened and did their exercise ill. He gave them time to recover themselves; it was in vain. He then addressed them thus: "Mes amis, je vous connois; vous êtes plus braves que bien disciplinés; vous êtes épouvantés; vous auriez mieux fait, si vous avez été commandés par un autre," and he gave them a gratification. He reprimanded the President of the Tribunal of Justice for the shameful delays in his administration, and said he would publish an edict of reform. He was scandalised at Namur at the extravagant luxury of that place. He would not give audience to any of the nobility of either sex. A Superior of a convent presented himself to him. He asked him how many Friars there were in his convent; he answered, "About sixty." The Emperor replied, "Vous avez soixante-trois," and cried out,

¹ Joseph II, brother of Marie Antoinette. When in Paris (see Durny's "Histoire de France," vol. ii. p. 441) the Emperor learned, with much astonishment, that Louis XVI had never so much as visited the Invalides or Ecole Militaire, to say nothing of any provincial town. Had the Queen followed her brother's excellent advice, things might have turned out very differently for royalty and constitutional government in France.

"Oh! mon Dieu, qu'on reste encore dans une telle infatuation. J'y mettrai ordre bientôt." At Antwerp he found the inhabitants solicitous for opening L'Exaut (the Scheldt). He told them he would do what he could to facilitate commerce, but their scheme was impracticable. He was here, and received the corps very well; but he refuses his hand to kiss. He dislikes it, and when a very great man desired that honour for himself and children he said he was no relick (relic). He sleeps very little, and lies on a straw bed which makes great part of his baggage. His dinners are fixed at three, and prepared in the plainest manner. No one dines with him. He hates compliments, and never waits to hear a prepared discourse, such as that of an university or magistrature. He says, "Point de compliments, qui êtes-vous? et vous et vous et que voulez-vous?" To all the petitions made he answers, "You are within my system, you shall be consoled"; or, "The system is against you, so there is no remedy"; and by that means does a great deal of business in a little time. He has abolished all the pensions of his mother, *sans une seule exception*, from Prince Kerenhalter, Count Firmian, etc., down to the lowest person on the list. He seems to have a great deal of good sense, and is not susceptible of being influenced by favourites. He seems to have none as to politicks. I believe he wishes well to England; it is natural he should; but he is not by any means in the case of taking an active part in the present war, and I believe he does not think of it. I was a few days ago at Antwerp. I learned that the Dutch are in the most distressed situation, abandoned by the Northern Powers, horrible divisions among themselves, a revolt daily expected. They do not complain of the English; they feel the justice of their resentment, and throw all the blame on a cabal at Amsterdam. I forgot to tell you that the Emperor goes about in a common fiacre, and was immediately followed by the Duke d'Aremberg, Prince de Ligne, etc. etc.

FRENCH PRESIDENTS.

M. EMILE LOUBET.

M. EMILE LOUBET, who was elected to the Presidency of the French Republic in less than forty-eight hours after the death of M. Félix Faure, was, like his immediate predecessor, and also M. Carnot, little known to fame when the onerous responsibility of filling the highest office of his country was laid upon him. By his origin he belongs to that peasant class which bears the chief weight of the social edifice in France, and which furnishes the professional ranks with so many of their best recruits.

He was born in 1838 at Marsanne in Dauphiné, where his father cultivated his own land, and reared mules which he sold at the fairs in the district. The family, although adhering to the frugal and simple manners of the peasantry, was in very easy circumstances, and as the two sons showed both ambition and ability to rise in a social sense, they received parental encouragement and educational facilities. One became a doctor of medicine, and the other (Emile) a doctor of law. After obtaining this degree in Paris, M. Emile Loubet returned to his native province, and practised for many years, and with much success, as an advocate at Montélimar. At an early age, however, he took a keen interest in politics, and was an active Republican at Montélimar in the time of the Empire. He was therefore among those who profited by the change of régime that followed upon the disaster of Sedan. He was immediately elected the mayor of his town, and in 1876 he was sent as its deputy to Paris. He belonged to the Gambetta or Opportunist school, and his views—like those of not a few of his political contemporaries—have shown a tendency to increasing mildness and moderation. He has seldom produced an impression upon the public by his speeches, but his ability to grapple with such subjects as finance, customs tariffs and judicial procedure, caused him to be much valued by his Party.

In the first Cabinet formed after M. Carnot's elevation to the Presidency, M. Loubet was Minister of Public Works. In 1892 M. Carnot called him to form a ministry, and M. Loubet succeeded in holding the reins of Government for several months—a period full of trouble and perplexity, owing to the crimes of the anarchists, the agitation of the Socialists, and the Panama scandals. To M. Loubet belongs the credit of having brought the great strike of coal-miners at Carmaux to a close, by acting as arbiter and peacemaker.

After several years, during which he did useful but not much noticed work as a Senator, he was elected in 1896 to the Presidency of the Senate, and was still holding this office when the Congress, led by much the same motives as

those that guided it in the choice of M. Carnot and M. Faure, made him the first magistrate of the Republic. In appearance M. Loubet lacks "distinction," and therefore suffers by comparison with M. Faure and M. Carnot, whose exterior was entirely in their favour. There can be little doubt that the dissatisfaction shown by a part of the Paris population at his election was in some measure due to the fact that he was not considered sufficiently "decorative" as a President. He has been reproached with not being taller and altogether more imposing in appearance. He is, however, a giant compared to M. Thiers, but the latter had the advantage of bringing to the Presidency the reputation of a great man, although physically he was a very small one.

Impartial judges agree in saying that M. Loubet is a clear-sighted man, with strong good sense and honesty of character. These qualities together with his *bonhomie* may make him really popular, if he is given or allows himself sufficient time to be well known. He is of homely tastes, finding much more pleasure in his fireside and his pipe than in official balls and dinners. His favourite outdoor recreation is shooting, in which matter, as well as in his attachment to pipes, he resembles M. Faure.

M. Loubet married the daughter of a tradesman of Montélimar, and is the father of three children. Although the President has passed his sixtieth year, his mother is still living, and is able to look after the farm at Marsanne notwithstanding her patriarchal age of eighty-six. She wears the peasant *coif* of the district, and is not likely to put it aside now because her son Emile is at the head of the French nation. The new President is an excellent musician. He has cultivated his musical taste from boyhood, and there are those who can remember him as a member of a provincial school-band, parading the streets in a blouse and playing the flute.

M. FELIX FAURE.

The late M. Félix Faure, whose unexpected death at the age of fifty-eight and in apparently good health added another and a grave cause of anxiety to those already existing in France, was all that is understood by the expression "a self-made man." By his birth he belonged, if not to the working class, at least to that from which the other can be scarcely distinguished—viz. the *petite bourgeoisie*. The French speak of him as a "child of the people"; and such he really was. At the time of his birth (January 30, 1841) his father, Jean Marie Faure, was officially described as a chairmaker, living in the Rue St. Denis, Paris. Beginning himself as a workman, Jean Marie Faure was able in course of time to employ others, but at his best period his means were only very modest, and it was

not without sacrifice that he gave his son Félix the educational advantages he received. This education, however, was strictly commercial. At the age of sixteen he was sent to England, and appears to have obtained there some valuable experience of business. He, moreover, learnt to speak and write English, an accomplishment that proved of much commercial value to him in after-years, and at a still later period it stood him in good stead both socially and politically. Félix Faure also acquired in England certain ideas and habits of life, such as belief in the hygienic value of abundance of fresh air and the daily cold bath, which he ever afterwards upheld by precept and example. His habit of early rising, however, was rather French than English, for there are not many Englishmen holding exalted positions who observe the rule of being out of bed at six in the morning in all seasons. M. Faure made no exception to this even on the day of his death.

To return to his early life: the future President of the French Republic, when he went back to France at the age of nineteen, perceived that his father was still a struggling man; that the family, in fact, could do no more than make "both ends meet." He therefore formed the virile resolution of learning a manual trade. Tanning attracted him, but why it should have done so is not very clear, unless Félix Faure, with his remarkable commercial sagacity, perceived that a technical knowledge of this industry might be turned to great advantage in trading upon a wider basis. He served a three years' apprenticeship as a tanner at Amboise, working with his hands all day at a craft which has never been considered one of the cleanest, and adding to his book knowledge by study in his hours of leisure. At the close of his apprenticeship he went to Havre, and obtained employment in the office of a hide and wool broker. This step led on to fortune. A year later he founded a business of the same kind at Havre in partnership with a Dutchman. His partner brought a capital of £1,000, but Faure's stake in the undertaking was himself—his energy, his knowledge, and his sagacity. This partnership did not last long, but the firm of Félix Faure & Co. became rapidly one of the most enterprising and successful in Havre.

In 1865 M. Faure married the daughter of a solicitor of Tours, whom he had met at Amboise at the time when he wore the leather apron, but to whose hand he could not then aspire. It may here be mentioned, to the honour of the late President, that his marriage was above all suspicion of those mercenary motives which so frequently place the matrimonial contract in France upon the level of a business one.

The outbreak of war in 1870, which came like a deafening thunderclap to Europe, revealed Félix Faure in the character of a patriot, but there is not space here to dwell upon the active part he took in the defence of his country. For his services he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The war over, he returned to his neglected business at Havre, which soon en-

tered upon a fresh period of brilliant prosperity. Faure & Co. became important shipowners as well as brokers, and in 1881 Félix Faure was sent by his fellow townsmen to the Chamber of Deputies. This was the beginning of the late President's political life. He joined the Gambetta ministry in the same year as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and held this position in three succeeding ministries.

Although not a brilliant orator, his good sense and discernment, and also a perfectly natural refinement, enabled him to speak with ease and simplicity the language of Frenchmen of the best culture in connection with all public functions. His manners, moreover, were marked by a fine courtesy and polish, which, combined with a certain dignity of bearing, added the necessary gloss to the solid qualities of tact and sound judgment that eminently fitted him for the high position to which he was raised in 1895. As was the case with M. Carnot, he owed this unexpected honour mainly to the impression that he conveyed of being a safe man and an honest one. As regards the qualities of his heart, the fact that when he knew he was dying he asked even his servants to forgive his occasional irritability and impatience towards them is sufficiently eloquent. M. Félix Faure died from a singularly grave and hopeless form of apoplexy on February 16 of the present year. It is not so much his political success that affords matter for reflection as that, issuing directly from the obscure ranks of the democracy, he became by intelligence, tact, and natural superiority one of the most polished gentlemen in Europe.

M. CASIMIR-PERIER.

M. Jean Paul Casimir-Perier, the fifth President of the Republic, was born in Paris in 1847. He descends from a middle-class family of Dauphiné, which, after being enriched by industrial pursuits, played an important part in the political history of modern France. His grandfather, the most eminent statesman of this family, was the first Casimir-Perier, but the two names have been borne as one patronymic by his descendants. The subject of this note entered the political arena in 1871 on the Republican side. A man of only moderate ambition, and of no remarkable talent as an orator, he attracted little attention, and very general surprise was felt when, in 1894, two days after the tragic death of M. Carnot, he was elected President. A few months later he resigned, actuated by motives that still remain involved in mystery, although the prevailing impression in France is that diplomatic incidents connected with the Dreyfus case were not foreign to his sudden decision. Since then M. Casimir-Perier has taken no active part in politics.

M. CARNOT.

M. Marie François Sadi Carnot, the fourth President of the Republic, was born at Limoges in 1837. He was the eldest son of Hippolyte



From photographs by Russell & Sons, Van Bosch, Eug. Piron, etc.

Carnot, minister under the Republic of 1848, and grandson of the much more celebrated Lazare Carnot, member of the Convention, who came to be styled "*L'organisateur de la Victoire*." M. Sadi Carnot—as the fourth President was usually termed—was by profession a civil engineer in connection with the State Department of Roads and Bridges. After the Revolution of September 4 he distinguished himself by his energy and capacity in connection with the national defence. He entered Parliament in 1872, and was Minister of Public Works in 1880. In politics he was a moderate Republican, and came to be regarded, not only as a man of excellent judgment, but one of great rectitude and probity of character. While France was agitated by the Wilson scandals a fact was brought to light that threw the honesty of M. Carnot into strong relief, and there can be no doubt that this influenced the Congress in choosing him as a successor to M. Grévy in 1887. By his tact, affability, and personal appearance M. Carnot became very popular. He performed the duties of his high office with dignity and discretion, and, although not a rich man, he spent the whole of his stipend in such a manner that public interests were benefited by it. Two great causes of anxiety during his Presidency were the movement known as Boulangerism and the crimes committed by anarchists. He himself fell a victim to one of these gloomy and desperate conspirators against society. On June 24, 1894, while riding in a carriage through the streets of Lyons, he was fatally stabbed by the Italian, Caserio. Had he lived a few months longer he would have completed the seven years for which he was elected.

M. GRÉVY.

M. François Paul Jules Grévy, the third President of the Republic, was born at Mont-sous-Vaudrey, in the Department of the Jura, in 1813. He studied law in Paris and was called to the Bar. At an early age he attracted notice as an ardent defender of Republican principles. In 1839 he pleaded for two companions of Barbès and thereby obtained much notoriety. He entered Parliament under the Republic of 1848, and was a prominent member of the Republican opposition under the Empire. In January 1879 he was elected by a majority of 336 votes to succeed Marshal MacMahon at the Elysée. His election marked the date when the Republic may be said to have been firmly established. Until then the Republican form of government could only be regarded as provisional. After seven years, M. Grévy was re-elected to the Presidency, but he only remained in office three years longer. The scandals in connection with a disgraceful traffic in "decorations" of the Legion of Honour affected him intimately, and although proof was wanting that he had offended in any way against the rules of correct conduct, he was swept away by the storm of indignation that followed upon the "Wilson revelations." In other words, he resigned under compulsion

in December 1887. M. Jules Grévy died in complete retirement in 1891.

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

The second President of the Republic was Marshal MacMahon, Duc de Magenta. Descended from Irish ancestors, the Marshal's family had long been settled in France when he began to win distinction as an officer in the French army. Born in 1808, he was given the title of Duc de Magenta by Napoleon III after the battle of Magenta, at which the French forces were commanded by MacMahon. Fortune completely deserted him, however, in 1870. Commanding the first army corps he was defeated at Woërth. He shared in the still greater disaster of Sedan, where he was wounded. He was elected to the Presidency by the National Assembly in 1873, and under the increasing pressure of democratic feeling in the country, in opposition to the known monarchical sympathies of the President, whose distribution of the army excited suspicions, he resigned his office January 30, 1879. His death took place on October 17, 1893.

M. THIERS.

M. Adolphe Thiers was the first President of the Third Republic, and was placed in this position under circumstances far too tragic to have been forgotten by the public, although more than a quarter of a century has passed since the events of 1870-71. He was another instance of a man rising by sheer force of character and talent from the proletarian ranks to the most conspicuous position in France. He was the son of a workman of Marseilles, where he was born in 1797. He became famous as a writer long before he took an active part in the politics of his country. His monumental "*History of the French Revolution*" is a world-renowned work that may be said to have exhausted the subject of which it treats. Its publication commenced in 1823. As a journalist, Thiers is supposed to have had an important influence upon events which resulted in placing Louis Philippe on the throne. Under this Monarchy of July the very diminutive man of letters became a leading statesman, but during the Empire his talents were chiefly devoted to literary work. He was, however, a deputy in 1870, when he employed all his eloquence and power of argument to prevent the catastrophe of a war with Prussia. His services were remembered in the evil days that followed, and he was employed to negotiate peace with Germany, his efforts to obtain the intervention of various governments on behalf of France having completely failed. The National Assembly appointed him Chief of the Executive Power, a title that was soon afterwards changed to that of President of the Republic. He resigned his office in consequence of a hostile vote of the Assembly in 1873. He was designated by Gambetta, "*Liberator of the Territory*," and this is one of the most enduring of his titles to fame. He died in 1877.



AUSTRALIAN STORIES.

BY LILIAN TURNER (SYDNEY, N.S.W.).

HOW THE EMU LOST ITS WINGS.

ONCE upon a time the glory of the Emu was by far greater than it now is—or ever again shall be.

For there rose from its side beautiful wings, the feathers of which were sulphur yellow, deepening towards the tip to the glorious gold of summer sunsets.

Now what is it like, this bird that paces with swift melancholy tread around its enclosure in every zoological garden in the world, and strides in restless anger over Australia's great plains?

A great body, harshly feathered, and meekly brown as the trampled earth; a neck high and slender as a swan's; a head very small, very proud; and round pathetic eyes full of the tragedy of its lost wings.

And this is the tale of the happening.

The first race that had ever taken place on Australian soil was about to happen, and the very iguanas were all a-quiver with excitement.

To-day, racing is about as commonplace a thing as the eating of one's breakfast, in the Gum-Tree Land.

In the words of our poet—

“Why, everything races, no matter
Whatever its methods may be:
The waterfowl hold a regatta,
The 'possums run heats up a tree,
The emus are constantly sprinting
A handicap out on the plains,
The cockatoo parrots are talking
Of races to far-away lands,
The native companions are walking
A go-as-you-please on the sands.”

But in the days of “Once upon a time” racing was undreamed of, and the Kangaroo, whose brilliant thought it was to pit the bush inhabitants against each other, was regarded as a genius of suggestion.

Of course, classes had to be formed. The Blue Wren, looking at the sleepy Queensland Alligator, laughed and said—

“We are well matched—he and I—in very truth!” He was very fond of the flavour of sarcasm.

The Lyre-Bird swept forward. (Between the Lyre-

Bird and the Blue Wren was a feeling of hereditary bad humour. But that is another story.)

He suggested that the birds should have a race to themselves, and the animals should have another.

The Opossum had been hanging by his tail to a blue-gum tree for an hour. He thinks best in that position.

Presently he slipped down and approached the animals, who were beginning to arrange themselves into position.

“I beg to propose,” he said—and there was a “naughty little twinkle in his eye”—“that my honoured friend the Kangaroo be appointed umpire.”

The Kangaroo had taken up his stand at the head of the line; his arms were folded, and a look of conscious pride trying to look unconscious was on his face.

All of the other animals kept glancing at him from their eye-corners in ill-concealed envy. It seemed ridiculous to even contend against him.

“Hear, hear!” “Seconded!” “Carried unanimously!” cried all of them, and the Lizard's joy at the suggestion was so great that he turned over on his back and flapped his legs.

The Opossum—who was something of a romancer—explained the duties of the new position to the Kangaroo.

He would have to sit on a most beautiful dais; drop a lace-edged handkerchief when it was time to start; decide which animal had won, award the prize, and tie a pink and blue ribbon on the tails of the next-comers.

“B—b—but,” said the Kangaroo, “can't the Kangaroo get a prize? Where do I come in?”

“My dear sir,” said the Opossum in a rapid whisper (his eyes were twinkling again), “pray moderate your voice. Is it a prize you are talking about—a paltry prize that any common little ant may take! There can be but one umpire—he sits apart, alone!”

“Of course, if you desire, I will offer the position to the Native Dog, who would jump at it.”

He pretended to move away. But the Kangaroo caught him by the arm.

"I was only jesting," he said. "Surely you never supposed I was in earnest? I have much pleasure in accepting the position."

In this way came to be created a name and position that have been observed at all races ever since.

"That was good business," said the Bell-Bird. "I wonder, could I work something of the sort on the Emu?"

"Try," whispered the Parrot, looking relieved. "If you notice it, these creatures with huge bodies and little disproportionate heads are usually foolish."

So the Bell-Bird approached the Emu, innocence on his face and guile in his heart.

"Oh, noble Emu," he whispered, "it is scarcely meet that one of your noble proportions should strive with us, the weakly inhabitants of the air. Is it for nothing that thou hast been gifted with those swift, powerful feet? We, the insignificant dwellers in trees, do humbly suggest that thou should'st pit thy speed against those noble animals over yonder, none of whom is worthy of comparison with thee."

These and other subtle things said the Bell-Bird, till the Emu's head was fairly swimming. He rushed across to the other row.

But the animals had no taste for so formidable a mate, and the Bell-Bird had now to reconcile them.

"Tis but a trick," he said. "Trust me; for I know a thing or two, and will make you smile. Surely not one of you noble animals fears an empty-headed creature like that!"

The Kangaroo was holding aloft the white handkerchief, and all eyes were on it. Then down it fluttered, and off flew the birds.

The Bell-Bird won by a beak and a half, with the Lyre-Bird second, and a Cockatoo third.

The Kangaroo awarded the prize, and tied the ribbons to their tails. Then he picked up the handkerchief again. He was beginning to enjoy his position.

The Bell-Bird approached the Emu, regarded him for a second, and then permitted a shocked, surprised look to dawn on his face.

"There is dust upon your wings," he said in an agitated way. "Dust—dust and dirt! Oh, Emu, pray think of your reputation when you go forward to receive your prize, and it is seen that dust lurks upon your glorious wings. Unfasten them quickly, I pray you, and I will brush it off."

He held a piece of "yellow brush" from a bottle-tree, and waved it about. Such was his agitation and excitement that the Emu became infected with alarm, and hastily unfastened his wings and gave them to the Bell-Bird.

Then all at once, well-timed by the Bell-Bird, down went the white flag.

Helter-skelter, helter-skelter, over the leaf-strewn ground they went, Native Dog and Opossum, Kangaroo Rat and Platypus, Iguana and Native Bear.

Away behind, the Emu fairly danced with impatience.

"Give me my wings," he cried, "give me them quick! Quick! my wings! my wings! my wings!"

"Wattlescruberina!" said the Bell-Bird contemptuously—that being an aboriginal word indicative of great scorn.

"Consider your feet—how about your neck?—either of them would win the prize alone. By your return the wings will be ready."

So the Emu considered his neck and legs, and strode along.

He caught up the Alligator after two strides, passed the Iguana and Native Bear. The Kangaroo Rat dropped behind so soon as he saw the great Emu tearing along.

The Native Dog was passed next, and now no animal was ahead but the Opossum.

In another moment they were alongside. Then the "naughty little twinkle" came to the Opossum's eye again. He looked back.

"That Bell-Bird is a desperate and cunning thief," he said. "Oh, Emu, do you ever expect to see your wings again? I speak as a friend—go back, if you value your wings, your glorious golden wings."

With a wild and terrible cry that echoed through the bush for centuries, the Emu turned round in his course, and with his poor mad little head and wild long neck stretched out before him, scurried back to the starting point.

"My wings," he panted—"where are my wings?"

The Bell-Bird was hanging over his prize, and arranging as to whom he should bequeath it in his will. He was annoyed at the interruption, and barely looked up.

"Oh, I couldn't stand and hold them all day," he said. "I stuck them under a stone somewhere, to prevent them being blown away."

And that is the end of the story. The wings—the sunset wings—are under a stone somewhere, somewhere, that they may not be blown away.

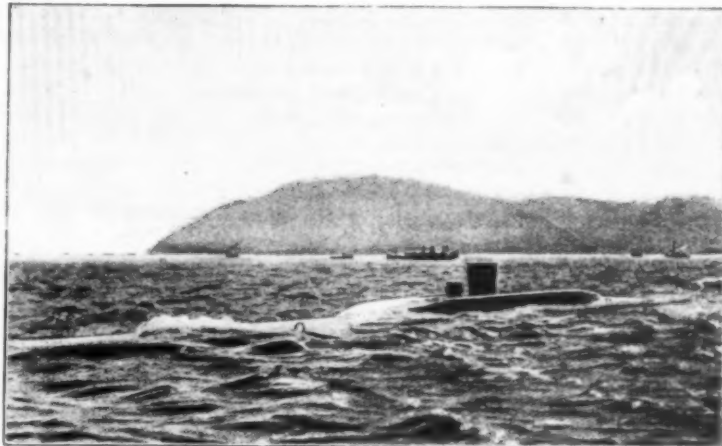
And ever since, century after century, up and down the continent strides the Emu, his neck thrust forward, his poor crazy little head moving restlessly, and in his eyes the pathetic tragedy of his lost wings for evermore.

Science and Discovery.

THE FRENCH SUBMARINE BOATS.

THE recent performances of the submarine boat the *Gustave Zédé* at Toulon, in the presence of M. Lockroy, have given more satisfaction to our French neighbours than to our own naval engineers. The value of this type of boat has probably been over-estimated; nevertheless, the possibilities of submarine fighting have been indicated, and the results of the manoeuvres will have to be taken into account. Nothing is known of the details of construction of the *Gustave Zédé*, since these are kept a close secret, but a few particulars referring to it and an earlier submarine boat, the *Gymnote*, are given in the French scientific periodical "La Nature," from which the accompanying illustrations have been reproduced. The *Gymnote*, which was put on its trial ten years ago, was practically a Whitehead torpedo nearly sixty feet long and about six feet across at its widest part. The boat could be made to sink or rise in the water at will, and when submerged could be made to travel at a constant depth below the surface. It was

The *Zédé* is 130 feet in length, and nearly 10 feet in diameter at its widest part. Its maximum velocity is fourteen knots when navigated at the surface and eight or nine when submerged. By means of an arrangement of mirrors and lenses similar to a camera



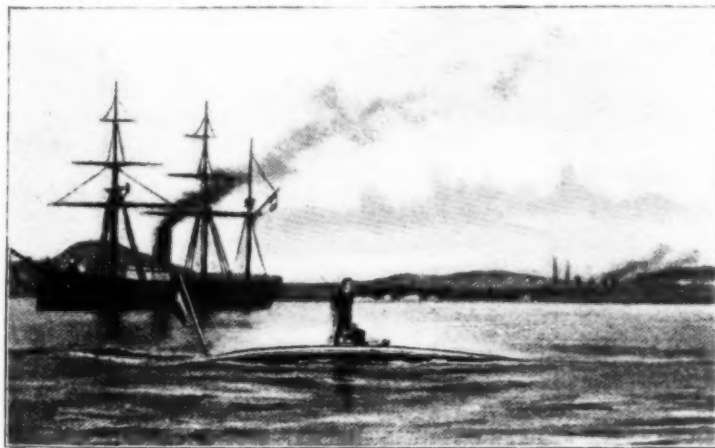
THE GYMNOTE

obscura the commander can make observations when the boat itself is a couple of yards below the surface of the water. But this arrangement is not essential, for when the boat is being navigated at the surface the only part visible is a dome about eighteen inches in

diameter and the same number of inches high. In warfare the tactics employed would be to take sight of the enemy through this short conning-tower, then sink the boat before guns could be directed to it, travel under water in a straight line for 400 yards or so, and then rise again to make observations. The enemy would thus be approached by a series of journeys under water until the distance for projecting a torpedo was attained.

As the *Gustave Zédé* is propelled by electricity stored in secondary batteries, it has only a small range of action, and cannot move far out of its port. In submarine boats of the

Narval type, eight of which have been provided for in the French budget for the current year, the vessel is propelled at the surface by steam and under water by electricity. It is said that the *Narval*, which will shortly be completed, will carry enough fuel to steam



THE GUSTAVE ZÉDÉ

only built to determine the practicability of submarine navigation, and the results obtained with it were so satisfactory that in 1890 a larger boat of the same type was planned and eventually named after the engineer, Gustave Zédé, who designed the original vessel.

252 miles in twenty-four hours at twelve knots, or 624 miles in seventy-eight hours at eight knots. While under water it will do twenty-five miles at eight knots, or seventy miles at five knots. When the *Narval* is ready, we shall probably hear much more about the efficiency of submarine boats as fighting machines.

LIFE WITHOUT FRESH AIR.

It seems possible that the work of green plants in purifying the air will before long be more readily done artificially. As is well known, green plants have the power in bright sunlight of decomposing the gas known as carbon dioxide breathed out by animals. The oxygen in this poisonous gas, which is formed during respiration, is of no use to the plant, and is given back to the atmosphere to serve again as the vital element in air. But two French chemists, MM. Laborde and Jaubert, claim to have prepared a substance which removes the noxious carbon dioxide and other expired products from air breathed out by human beings and animals, and at the same time causes a chemical action to take place which restores to the air the exact quantity of oxygen used up. According to these experimenters, from six to eight pounds of this compound will allow a man to live twenty-four hours in a confined space without any renewal of the air from outside. It will be readily understood that such a substance may be of the greatest practical value in assisting miners, firemen, divers, and sewer-men in their work; and with a sufficient supply of it long voyages into space or under the sea are brought quite within the bounds of possibility.

A NEW ELECTRIC LAMP.

A new form of electric lamp, which possesses some valuable characteristics, has been invented by Professor W. Nernst, and will probably be widely used in the future. The principle upon which the construction of the lamp is based is that some substances which will not conduct electricity at ordinary temperatures will do so when they are heated. A rod of a material of this kind is fixed between two wires connected with a source of electric energy. No current passes from one wire to the other until the rod is gently heated with a match or other source of heat. But when the rod is thus made hot, it becomes a conductor of electricity, and the current passes through it, with the result that a temperature of intense incandescence is attained, and a brilliant light is emitted by the rod. A great advantage of an electric lamp of this kind is that it does not require to be enclosed in a vacuum, like the common incandescent filament lamp. Instead of lighting the lamp with a match or other flame, an ingenious automatic arrangement for starting it has been devised by Professor Nernst. The lamp is being given much attention in the electrical world.

SOME CURIOUS SOUTH AFRICAN BEETLES.

A paper, by the Rev. J. O'Neil, in the "Zambesi Mission Record" is full of interesting particulars concerning the beetles examined by him on the Dunbrody farm lands, which are situated a few miles from the town of Uitenhage. One beetle, a huge black *Lamellicorn*, measures over two inches in length, and

is nearly as broad as long. After every good shower of rain the female beetle may be seen rolling a great ball of cattle excrement along the roads. Further observation shows that having discovered a soft spot the beetle digs a hole, with her powerful head and legs, and buries the ball. She then digs a tunnel and disappears beneath the ball, which thus serves as a place to lay her eggs, as well as for a nest and food supply for the young grubs when they are hatched. There are many other ball-rolling beetles, one of the best-known being the *Scarabæus*, or sacred beetle of Egypt. Another interesting beetle (*Anthia*), which is found in large numbers, has the power of ejecting a strong pungent acid a distance of several feet. Should this liquid reach the eye, it causes great pain and results in temporary blindness. The "Bombardier" beetle is remarkable for the extraordinary circumstances which follow when it is picked up in the fingers. On lifting the insect a distinct report is heard, a puff of smoke is seen, and a burning sensation is felt by the fingers, upon which a stain, that no amount of soap and water will efface, is found. The beetles (*Moluris*) called "tockies" also deserve mention. This name has been given to the beetles on account of a habit they have of knocking loudly on the ground to attract their mates. The tockies frequently enter houses at night, and when a nervous person unfamiliar with their rappings is awakened in the dead of night by a loud knock, knock, knock, the result can be imagined. As might be expected, the rappings thus produced have given rise to many a ghost story.

THE MOSQUITO AS A BEARER OF DISEASE.

That flies are sometimes instrumental in the propagation of disease has been long suspected, but it has been reserved for Surgeon-Major Ross to make clear what an important part the mosquito takes in the spread of malaria. This careful observer has shown that malaria may be taken through the bite of a mosquito. During certain stages of its existence the micro-organism, whose presence in the human blood is at the root of this distressing malady, lives as a parasite in the body of the mosquito; and should a mosquito which is taking the part of "host" bite a human being, some of the parasites may be transferred to the blood of the victim. The development of the microbe will then be continued in the body of the human being, and side by side with this continued growth will occur the regular cycle of symptoms which is always noticed in patients attacked by malaria. But all mosquitoes are not responsible for the spread of this form of disease, since only certain species can serve as hosts. Moreover, there are several varieties of malaria, and while one species of mosquito can transmit the microbe of but one kind of malarial fever, other families of mosquito can propagate different sorts of malaria. Further researches are necessary before we can possess a complete knowledge of this important subject, but it is to be hoped that it will not be long before all phases of the question are made clear, for until this is done it is impossible to understand and cope with the seeming vagaries of these tropical scourges.

R. A. GREGORY.

Over-Sea Notes.

A Great German Canal

Preparations are actively in progress to connect the Elbe with the Rhine by means of a great canal, which will leave the Elbe a little lower than Magdeburg and join the Rhine near Düsseldorf. The canal will connect the waters of the Elbe, Weser, Jade, Ems, and Rhine, all of them navigable rivers. The length of the canal will be about 300 miles and the traffic which it is intended to carry will be in the first years of its existence 3,500,000 tons. The canal will be navigable for vessels of 600 tons burden. The surface width of the water will be nearly 36 yards, the bottom width over 22 yards, the depth of water throughout 97½ inches. Bridges will be 4½ yards above the surface of the water. The width of the lock gates 9 yards and the length of the locks nearly 73 yards. There will be only six locks in one length of nearly 200 miles, a curious circumstance which is both technically and geographically interesting. The "Mittellandkanal," or Mediterranean Canal, as it is called, will pass through some of the richest industrial districts in Germany, and is intended to facilitate not only the local trade of the regions through which it will pass, but as a means of bringing the produce of these districts to Hamburg by means of the Elbe from Magdeburg, and to the various Dutch ports by means of the Rhine from Düsseldorf.

Earth-Eaters.

An Austrian professor, Doctor Richard Lasch, who has devoted much time and research to earth-eating or geophagie, has contributed a remarkable article on this subject to the journal of the Anthropological Society of Vienna. He comes to the conclusion that geophagie is not to be considered an ethnological product or as a distinct characteristic of certain tribes, but as the outcome of special bodily or mental peculiarities in the individuals who resort to this strange practice. The custom of eating earth as nutriment is not infrequently met with in Germany, where a fine, oily sort of clay, known to the agricultural labourers as "Stone Butter," is spread on bread. In Styria, Northern Italy, and Sardinia there is a sort of earth sold in the markets as food, and in Sweden a sort of infusorial earth is in considerable request as a nutritious diet. In Persia certain kinds of clay are considered a delicacy, although the authorities have sought to prohibit its use as injurious. Alexander Humboldt found the custom on the Orinoco; and in not a few districts in South America and Africa the consumption of earth as a medicine is a well-known custom. On the island of Timor the practice is united with curious religious ceremonies. For a custom so widespread the reasons are various. It is quite evident that the palates of some persons find a pleasant taste in earth, notably in that with a saline mixture. A singular variety of earth-eating is that which Prof. Lasch calls pathological geophagie, the

devouring of earth as the sign of disease. This is peculiarly the case with certain tropical ailments, in the course of which the patient appears to find relief by consuming large quantities of earth.

A private collection of Autographs.

The owner of probably the greatest private collection of autographs in the world, Alexander Polonyi, has died in Vienna. His collection was so large that it filled the entire upper storey of his house. Polonyi possessed the autographs of over 30,000 persons, not only of moderns but of mediæval and renaissance persons as well. He was not particular as to age, religion, profession. All he stood out for was that the autograph was to be that of a person of certain historical importance. He possessed original writings which have not yet been printed of Michael Angelo and Marie Antoinette, letters by Calvin and Luther, Schiller and Goethe, pages of music by Wagner and Beethoven, original documents from the eleventh century, private letters of Canova, old Hebrew scrolls, and sermons by famous Hussites. It was Polonyi's greatest pleasure to show his treasures to scholars and to bewilder them with the wealth and variety of the materials which he placed before them in the calculated disorder we have attempted to describe. He began life as an apprentice to a Leipzig bookseller. His greatest success was with a magnificent collection of Dürer's drawings, which he happened on quite accidentally and sold to the Royal Gallery in Berlin for a prodigious sum of money. Polonyi had no scientific or historical knowledge, but he had a genius for collecting, and it was as a collector he was known throughout the world.

Sir W. Scott. Some time ago a replica of the bust in Boston. of Sir Walter Scott placed in Westminster Abbey was presented to the public library of Boston (U.S.A.) by the Memorial Committee. In acknowledging the gift the trustees recognise in this act of international courtesy a mark of a growing harmony of interests between the two leading Powers in the civilisation of the world. After praising the great magician for his immortal pictures the trustees of the Boston Library add: "If Sir Walter's genius was descriptive rather than creative, there yet runs through all his writings such a loftiness and purity of moral sentiment that they have furnished the world with a vast amount of cheer and hope, and they rejoice to find that this delight, which he has already provided for three generations, shows no decline in the readers of a great public library to-day."

Every lover of Scott will rejoice to learn that the citizens of the most literary city in the New World show such an appreciation of an author so manly and invigorating; but is it altogether true that "Sir Walter's genius was descriptive rather than creative"? That he was a consummate master of description is

evident to every reader, but it is no rash criticism to say that, without for a moment comparing him with Shakespeare—which would be absurd—Scott is the greatest creative genius of which England can boast since Shakespeare's day. Think for a moment of the life contained in the Waverley novels! It is not the life of action only, but of character; and of character so distinct that the men and women, whether kings or pedlars, innkeepers or gipsies, mad folk or tradesmen, lawyers or outlaws, so far from being puppets, live a real life in Sir Walter's pages. Have we not met there Louis XI, and Mary Queen of Scots, and James II., and the Duke of Buckingham, and Queen Caroline; and so met these and many other characters famous or infamous in history as to know them far better than our daily acquaintances? And in the common walks of life, with what a number of eccentric, homely, or noble persons have we grown familiar!—now laughing with them and now crying, now amused at an eccentricity and now stirred to the heart with pity. Jeanie Deans, noblest of heroines, and her grotesque lover Dumbiedykes, Diana Vernon and Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Dandie Dinmont and Dominie Sampson, Rebecca the Jewess and Lucy Ashton, Jonathan Oldbuck the Antiquary, and the fisherman Mucklebackit, Joshua Geddes and Nanty Ewart, Meg Dods and Madge Wildfire, Edie Ochiltree the king of all beggars, and Sir Dugald Dalgetty the brave but unscrupulous soldier of fortune—are not these imaginative creations, and as such recognised by everyone who is intimate with them? Goethe, the greatest poet of Germany, discovered in Scott "a wholly new art with laws of its own"; and most justly has Mr. John Morley said that, like Shakespeare in his plays, Scott "has conveyed to plain men more of the spirit and action of the past in noble fiction than they would find in most professed chronicles of fact." If this be true, it may surely be affirmed that Scott's descriptive genius was subordinate to the creative faculty which has placed him among the greatest of imaginative writers.—J. D.

Canada and her Neighbour. No one in Canada is surprised at the barren result of the High Commission, which for six months was busy considering the application of the Dominion for better trade relations with the United States. The Commission will hold other sittings in the autumn of 1899; but when it broke up at Washington in February, without bringing about any results of advantage to Canadian trade, it was accepted all over the Dominion that on this side of its work the Commission was to be abortive. It cannot be said that the United States has acted a neighbourly part towards Canada. Its manufacturers have an immensely larger trade with the Dominion than have those of Great Britain, and by reason of proximity and the common needs of the two countries, this trade with the United States is always growing. Before Canada made her tariff preferences for Great Britain in 1897, she accorded the United States equality of treatment with the Mother Country. All that Canada asked of the United States was that lumber and fish, her principal natural products, should be allowed to enter the United States

without having to pay the unprecedentedly high duties placed on them by the United States tariff which was passed in 1897. Public opinion in the United States was nearly unanimous in favour of some concessions to Canada. American chambers of commerce by the score, in their memorials to the High Commissioners, dwelt on the extent to which Canada now supplies her needs from the United States, and they showed that this trade with Canada was worth more than the trade of any other country, except Great Britain, with which the United States has commercial dealings. But these appeals went unheeded by the American Commissioners, by reason of the protests and the opposition of the Michigan lumbermen and the Massachusetts fishing-boat owners. Under the existing tariff, these two interests are in possession of lucrative monopolies, and they would not make the slightest concession to Canada, or to their own countrymen, who were anxious that Canada's seventeen applications for more neighbourly treatment should not meet with still another rebuff. It is now taken in Canada that the rebuff has come, and before the High Commission had adjourned, two of the Canadian Provincial Legislatures had made preparation for retaliation. In British Columbia a law was passed excluding American miners from possessing claims in the rich gold-mining regions of the province; while in Ontario the Legislature passed a law preventing Michigan saw-mill owners from obtaining their raw material from the forests which belong to the province, and still another law taxing American companies doing business in Ontario. Canadians do not like these laws. They are un-British in their character and objects; but when questioned about them, Canadians reply that after long years of unneighbourly treatment at the hands of the United States, and endless rebuffs, they have no alternative but to enforce them in sheer self-defence. A great opportunity opened out to the United States when the High Commission first convened. A rare chance was afforded to the Washington Government of showing that the era of good feeling growing out of the recent war in Cuba was to have practical as well as sentimental results. But as in 1888, when the last reciprocity treaty failed, private interests were overpowering at Washington, and Canada is where she was before the era of good feeling began.

Child Emigrants in Quebec.

British emigration societies and the boards of poor-law guardians concerned in the emigration of children to Canada will do well to note that the Parliament of the province of Quebec has followed the example of Ontario, and enacted a law increasing the responsibilities of the emigration societies. As under the Ontario law of 1897, every society sending children to the province of Quebec will have to obtain registration with the secretary of the province at the City of Quebec, and will also have to establish a permanent home within the province to which may be sent any of its *protégés* who may become derelict or destitute. Further than this, each society will have to keep a register of its *protégés*, showing where and with whom they are placed. It will also have to register the names of its agents and visitors, and enter into an undertaking that

each child shall be visited at least once a year by an agent of the society. By the new law it is made a penal offence for any society to send out to the province children of known vicious tendencies or antecedents, or children who from defective intellect or physical infirmity are unable to work. Some new responsibilities are also placed on the people who accept children from these emigration societies, and in particular the new law makes it a penal offence to abandon a child so received. It also makes it an offence to entice a child away from the persons who have undertaken to care for it. The Quebec law will not affect so many British emigration societies as that of Ontario. Rural Quebec is so largely French in language, and so generally Romanist in religion, that most of the boys and girls sent out from England during the last twenty years have been placed in Ontario. In Ontario, the Act of 1897 is working satisfactorily, and there is much less popular feeling in the province against these youthful emigrants from the Old Country now that the work of supervising all the emigration societies is in the hands of the Provincial Government.

The foremost leader of the coloured race in the United States to-day, Mr. Booker T. Washington, is not a politician but an educationalist. The late Frederic Douglas, whom Mr. Washington has succeeded, was a politician, and in the later years of his life his influence was not as great as it might otherwise have been, because he was a strong political partisan, and had for many years been an office-holder at Washington, under various Republican Administrations. In many ways, it is fortunate for the coloured race that their foremost man in the public mind to-day is an educationalist and not a politician. Within the last two or three years, Mr. Booker Washington, who is still a young man, has been on the platform in nearly every large city in the country, never as a partisan poli-

tician, but always pleading for the better education of his race. His splendid work at Tuskegee, Alabama, has on several occasions been described in these pages; for in recent years it has greatly developed, and is continually presenting new features. It was begun in a small way without assistance from either the State or the Federal Government. But its aims and its methods have from the first secured public confidence, and when Mr. McKinley visited Tuskegee in his recent Southern tour, those who are best acquainted with Tuskegee and its work best realised how well deserved was the compliment paid to Mr. Washington and the institution which he has created and built up. One result of the wide-spread attention which was then attracted to Tuskegee is the establishment of a temporary endowment fund by subscriptions, raised chiefly in Boston and New York. It is expected to reach \$25,000, and its immediate purpose is to relieve Mr. Washington for a period of two years from the necessity of leaving Tuskegee for rather long intervals, in order to raise the money with which his work is carried on. The aim of Tuskegee is to educate the young coloured men of Alabama and the neighbouring Southern States, neither as pastors, nor as lawyers, nor as politicians. Eighty-five per cent. of the coloured people of the South earn their livelihood as cotton planters and farmers, and the object of Tuskegee is to make good farmers and good artisans of its graduates—to teach them to be good citizens and good neighbours, and above all to make the best of the opportunities which are near at hand for the coloured people, and to do well any work which comes within their sphere. It is this aim that has secured Tuskegee the goodwill of the Southern people, and attracted to it so many helpful friends among the philanthropic in the large cities of the Eastern States. These people regard Mr. Booker T. Washington as a real leader of the negro race, just such a leader as the coloured people have long needed.

[From our own Correspondents.]



Varieties.

The New Century. Some very ingenious writers, in the daily press, have been trying to obscure a very simple matter and to throw doubt upon the exact time when the nineteenth century closes and the twentieth begins. The present writer remembers the question being submitted to the late Sir George Airy, Astronomer Royal from 1835 to 1881, whose reply was, 'A very little consideration will show that the first day of the twentieth century is January 1st, 1901.' The backward and forward way necessary in reckoning Christian chronology has its disadvantages, particularly as the change of numeration of years before Christ (B.C.), after Christ (A.D.), is not made in arithmetical order, but passes at once from B.C. 1 to A.D. 1 without any year 0, as the succession of years would require, so that when mathematicians have to make calculations in the calendar they have to insert a year 0 and make years

B.C. one less than chronologists do, restoring the usual reckoning when they have finished their calculations. Another complication is that when the Christian system of chronology was first introduced, a mistake was made as to the actual year in which Christ was born, this being (as is known by the date of the death of Herod the Great) about four years before it was then supposed to be; and as the erroneous date had passed into so many books and documents, it was thought best, instead of attempting to rectify it, to leave matters as they were, reckoning from the old assumed date of the Nativity, and simply state that Christ was born about the end of B.C. 5, four years before that of B.C. 1, which it was at first taken as being. For the original dating-point was from the end of B.C. 1, the few days between Christmas Day and December 31 being considered unnecessary to trouble about, the 1st of January remaining

the first day of the year as it had been fixed by Julius Cæsar, being the day of New Moon next after the winter solstice in the year when he reformed the old Roman calendar. That being the case, one year after the assumed date of the birth of Christ was completed on December 31, A.D. 1, and one hundred years (or one century) on December 31, A.D. 100. Extending this reasoning, it is clear that nineteen hundred years (or nineteen centuries) after the assumed date of the birth of Christ, when Christian chronology commences, will be completed at the end of December 31, A.D. 1900, and the twentieth century will commence on January 1, A.D. 1901. A correspondent has asked whether the alteration of the style in modern times has produced any effect on this. The answer is, none whatever. All that the Gregorian alteration in 1582 did was to make the calendar year of its true astronomical length, and arrange that any date should always fall at the same season of the year as it did at the time of the Council of Nicæa in A.D. 325, the numeration of years being retained according to the old system. This change of style, as it was called, was adopted in England in 1752, by an Act of Parliament passed in 1751. Advantage was taken of the opportunity to make the year begin in England on the same day as on the Continent, *i.e.* January 1; for previously, although in popular usage that was called New Year's Day, the *legal* year began in this country on March 25, or Lady-day, an extremely inconvenient arrangement. But it was enacted in 1751 that this legal year should not run on, but should be superseded on January 1 by the year A.D. 1752, which was further shortened in September by the omission of eleven days, the day following September 2 being reckoned as September 14, and the Gregorian rule in future observed, according to which a leap year is omitted at the end of each century, excepting each fourth century, so that 1800 was not a leap year, nor will 1900 be, but 2000, the century number of which is divisible by 4 without remainder, will be a leap year. It will not be till the end of that year that twenty centuries after the assumed date of the birth of Christ will be completed, and the twenty-first century will begin on January 1, 2001.—W. T. LYNN.

Easter. Though now standing for one of the festivals of the Christian Church, Easter is a very heathen word. The Venerable Bede is our authority for stating that the word represents *Eastre*, the name of a goddess whose festival was celebrated at the vernal equinox, originally the goddess of the dawn.

"Calling the Neck." The ancient harvest custom of "calling the neck," or "crying the neck," was still general in some parts of Cornwall five-and-thirty years ago, though probably it has now died out, before the advance of the reaping-machine, even more completely than the custom of feeding the workers for one month at harvest time. That still lingers here and there, though it must be a very troublesome harvest that dragged its length over four full weeks on the little farms now.

I remember staying about half-way down the

county at a farmhouse and seeing the ceremony—for such it undoubtedly was—of "calling the neck," though my recollection of it differs a little from Baring-Gould's description.

The "neck" was the last sheaf of wheat cut on the farm each year, called, I think, "the last lock cut by the sickle," and was bound together with a surround of the weeds that had survived amongst the corn—bright blue cornflowers, scarlet poppies, and yellow mustard-flowers—turning it into a huge nosegay. It was then raised aloft—"hoisted"—in the midst of all the people employed on the farm, and often their wives and children, and a few outsiders gathered together for the occasion.

The man who held it up shouted, "A neck! A neck! A neck! I've got un!"

"What have 'ee?" cried another three times.

Then all shouted wildly together, "A neck! A neck!" A procession was then formed, and "the neck," raised on high, was carried with shouts to the house, where it was hung from an iron crook fastened to one of the beams in the kitchen, from which it dangled till Christmas Eve, when it was given to the best cow.

I used to fancy there was a little rivalry among some of the farmers' wives about feeding the harvest men, a few even providing apple pasties and cream for the short rest for tea, "drinking" it was called, instead of the usual large saffron-flavoured currant bun.

The harvesters had a specially good supper or "neck night"; but I think the occasion on which most jollity took place was "goose night," which was the last night of harvest, when all the corn was gathered in.

Then was the time for music and song, story and dance, with much eating of goose and pudding, and drinking of beer—or cocoa and coffee by the teetotalers—with the comfortable reflection that some license might be given or taken about the work next day.—J. H. SPETTIGUE.

Astronomical Notes for April. The Sun rises in the latitude of Greenwich on the 1st day at 5h. 37m. in the morning, and sets at 6h. 31m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 5h. 15m. and sets at 6h. 47m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 54m. and sets at 7h. 4m. The Moon enters her Last Quarter at 4 minutes before noon on the 3rd; becomes New at 6h. 21m. on the morning of the 10th; enters her First Quarter at 10h. 43m. on the evening of the 17th; and becomes Full at 7h. 22m. on that of the 25th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about half-past 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 6th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, about 2 o'clock on that of the 18th. There are no eclipses or special phenomena of importance due this month. The planet Mercury will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 11th, but may become visible for a short time before sunrise at the end of the month, situated in the constellation Pisces. Venus is diminishing in brightness as a morning star, moving during the month from Aquarius into Pisces, and rising at the end of it a little before 4 o'clock in the morning. Mars continues to decrease in brightness; he is

moving in an easterly direction through the constellation Cancer, and will be due south at 7 o'clock on the evening of the 5th. Jupiter will be in opposition to the Sun on the 25th, and is a brilliant object throughout the night in the eastern part of Virgo; he will be in conjunction with the Full Moon on the same night,

and be distant less than six degrees to the north of her at 11 o'clock. Saturn is situated near the boundary of the constellations Scorpio and Sagittarius, and by the end of the month will rise about 11 o'clock in the evening; he will be near the Moon on the morning of the 29th.—W. T. LYNN

The Fireside Club.

GREATER BRITAIN ACROSTICS.

VI.

1. *A sea* whose every ripple breaks on some famous shore,
By poet or historian renowned, in classic lore.
2. One of *these twelve* had voyaged forth, the perishing to save,
And (cast ashore upon my whole) escaped a watery grave.
3. No island, town, or kingdom by *this name* people call,
And yet within its sunny bounds we seek and find them all.
4. Their flag bore a crescent, stout fighters were *they*,
But the Knights of the Cross kept *them* ever at bay.
5. No more, O knights of St. John, in exile need ye roam,
The peace made *here* restores to you again your island home.

WHOLE.

Since Nelson's flag blew free, and he made our foemen flee,
As masters of the sea *this isle* we hold in fee.

A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded for the best brief answer in rhyme to the above Acrostic.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS.

ANSWERS TO THE FIRST FOUR OF THE SERIES OF FIVE (November to March).

WISDOM (p. 67).

- WILFUL . . . Lear. Act two, scene four.
IGNORANCE . . . Henry VI. Pt. II. Act four, scene seven.
STOP . . . Othello. Act two, scene three.
DISCOURSE . . . Hamlet. Act four, scene four.
OATHS . . . All's Well, &c. Act four, scene two.
MIND . . . Taming of the Shrew. Act four, scene three.
Whole, WISDOM Henry IV. Pt. II. Act one, scene one.

JESTERS (p. 134).

- JOY . . . All's Well, &c. Act three, scene two.
EYES . . . Cymbeline. Act one, scene seven.
SAUCE . . . Julius Caesar. Act one, scene two.

- TONGUE . . . Much Ado about Nothing. Act two, scene one.
EXPERIENCE . . . As You Like It. Act four, scene one.
REJOICETH . . . Love's Labour Lost. Act five, scene one.
SWIFT . . . Much Ado about Nothing. Act three, scene one.
Whole, JESTERS Lear. Act five, scene three.

MIRANDA (p. 203).

- MORTAL . . . Tempest. Act five, scene one.
I . . . " Act one, scene two.
RARE . . . " Act three, scene one.
ART . . . " Act three, scene one.
NATURAL . . . " Act one, scene two.
DEAFNESS . . . " Act one, scene two.
AMBITION . . . " Act one, scene two.
Whole, MIRANDA " Act three, scene one.

VICTORY (p. 270).

- VALIANT . . . Henry VI. Pt. I. Act one, scene three.
IN . . . Henry VI. Pt. I. Act five, scene two.
CROSS . . . Richard II. Act four, scene one.
TYRANT . . . Richard III. Act five, scene three.
OUR . . . King John. Act two, scene two.
ROME . . . Coriolanus. Act two, scene one.
YOUTH . . . Henry V. Act two, chorus.
Whole, VICTORY Henry VI. Pt. I. Act one, scene five.

The answer to the fifth Acrostic of the series and the name of the winner of the prize of TWO GUINEAS will appear in our next number.

GREATER BRITAIN ACROSTICS (p. 270).

TASMANIA.—PRIZE ANSWER.

TASMAN, the bold explorer, first descried
That sunlit isle near which AUSTRALIA lies,
There gems the SOUTHERN CROSS its nightly skies,
And MAN has made a garden sweet and wide;
There the ANTIPODES have oft been seen,
And NATURE rules with kindly gracious hand.
Who pass the INDIAN OCEAN to this land
Find ANTHONY VAN DIEMAN'S mem'ry green,
In that far isle TASMANIA, unforgot I ween.

*Prize of FIVE SHILLINGS awarded to "ZEPHYR,"
Seagoe Rectory, Portadown, Co. Armagh, Ireland.*

The Topic prize this month is awarded to MAD. FAUQUET, 24 Rue de Crosné, Rouen, France.

All readers, being considered members of our FIRESIDE CLUB, are invited to send in answers to Acrostics, Chess Problems, Essays, or paragraphs for our Tea-Table Topics. All answers (except when specially excepted) must be received by the 20th of the month. Write FIRESIDE CLUB outside the envelope, and address to the Editor, "Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

TEA-TABLE TOPICS.

Contributed by our readers. FIVE SHILLINGS awarded for the best.

The Inventive-ness of Genius. The bad workman, as we know well, is the first to complain of his tools, and reversely, the ablest mind is the quickest to find, out of whatever lies to his hand, means of achieving his purpose. The following story shows how great original genius in one direction was accompanied by quickness of wit in another. One evening a few friends accompanied Schubert home to his dwelling; on reaching the door the great man asked them to come in and smoke a pipe with him. This they readily did, but found there was one pipe too few for their number. Schubert, nothing daunted, took hold of an old metal spectacle-case, bent up one end, filled it with tobacco, and quietly began smoking out of this novel pipe. His readiness in his own art is prettily told in another story. Being once asked to compose a song to beguile the tedium of a rainy day in the country, he asked for a theme. Six lines of poetry were found and handed to him, and as soon as he had read the words he began to write the notes of what proved to be one of his loveliest songs.

Too many Proverbs. Proverbs are very good, part of a nation's wealth in fact, but they should be used sparingly. It is irritating to have them thrown at you by some weakling, with an air of triumph as if they were the product of his own brain.

Ready-made wisdom they may be, but none of his. Intellectual men make use of proverbs less frequently than the dull, they have less need. They can forge new weapons in their own armoury.

Too many proverbs are as cloying to the palate as too much honey. There is an old Scottish mansion near the town of Stirling, often visited by tourists and sightseers, wherein the passion of some former owner for collecting and inscribing within and without his house the proverbs of all nations is displayed to an extraordinary degree. Proverbs of welcome or warning speak from the lintel of every door. They are carved round the cornices and interwoven in the carpets. They twine serpent-like round the backs of

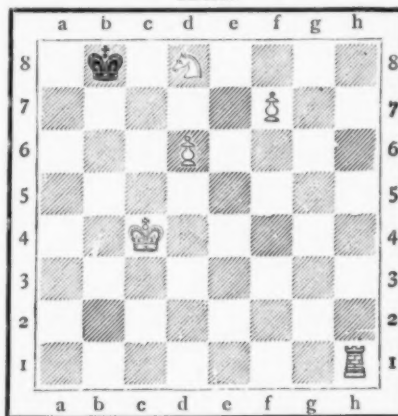
the library chairs and encircle the massive tables. They make sententious remarks from picture frames, obscure the window panes, and are inlaid in the polished floors. They lurk under each step of the winding stone staircase and blazon its roof. They meet your wearied eyes at every turn and glance, and though you may have entered that house an enthusiastic collector of decorative mottoes and proverbs you must be more than mortal if you can escape from it without being disillusioned for life.

Food of Shop Assistants. While we discuss the errors in the customary diet of school children and advocate measures of reform, we must not forget children of a larger growth. Many healthy country lads drift into the service of large shops in large towns, and the account they give of the diet provided there is the same in almost every case. A very brief time is allowed for the midday dinner, and when the assistants go to the eating-room in relays of fifty or so, they find that only the digestion of an ostrich could cope with the food provided. It is not that the viands are bad or sparsely allotted. The manager does his part of providing liberally, but the food is served so ill-cooked, tough, cold, underdone or overdone, that the young people must needs go back to their work unsatisfied or else feeling as if they had, as one of them put it, "eaten their grandmother," and as a matter of course failure in health results. Some buy for themselves a mug of milk and piece of bread and butter, but this means both waste of the shop supplies and serious expense for those who do not use the provided fare. Can no remedy be devised?

CHESS PROBLEM.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

5 + 1 = 6 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

